THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

JANUARY 1, 1808.

THE MONSTER MELO-DRAME.

"Oh! then I see
Queen Mab has been with you."—SHAKSPEARE.

THOUGH I do not, Mr. Satirist, attach any great degree of importance to dreams, it is impossible for me any longer to resist the desire I have had for several days past of communicating a most extraordinary one to you; which will, if I mistake not, very much puzzle those of your readers who are best skilled in oneirocritical knowledge to interpret.

'On the 3d of the present month, about two o'clock in the morning, I was aroused from my slumbers by a very uncommon and preternatural noise; it resembled the piercing cries of a female in distress, who seemed to be suffering under the merciless lash of a hired bravo. Fully convinced of the actual existence of the parties, and that it was not the effect of imagination, I sprung from my bed in order to ascertain the cause, and, if possible, afford succour to the unfortunate object.

After searching, however, most minutely every hole

and corner of the house, looked out from the windows both in front and at the back to no purpose, I considered that I must have been the dupe of vixen fancy, and returned murmuring to my pillow. Scarcely had I closed my eyes when I was a second time startled by a similar sound; but reasoning with myself on the fruitless endeavour I had just been making to undeceive myself, and concluding that this repetition of my apprehensions resulted from some trifling irregularity in the nervous system, I fell into a sound sleep; and conceived myself transported to the confines of a thick wood, at the entrance of which a being of more than human dignity, tall, majestic, and such as is described in romances and fairy tales as a tutelary genius, seemed to await my arrival. On my approach, he beckoned me with a mysterious, but not forbidding, air to follow him; and we immediately proceeded to thread the almost impenetrable thicket. At every step our progress was arrested by formidable brambles, overhanging boughs, and self-entwined underwood. The difficulties, instead of yielding and diminishing, appeared to be more obstructive, and to multiply as we advanced; till languid, fatigued, and dispirited, I had almost determined to entreat my conductor to dispense with my further attendance, when we reached the centre of it.

Here the face of nature assumed a more pleasing aspect: an extensive lawn, skirted on all sides by woods, rocks, and caverns, presented itself to the way-worn traveller, a sopha was most invitingly placed on the verdant surface, promising him rest and security. This my friend (for under that title I addressed him) urged me in dumb shew to occupy; and, making me a courteous sign, indicative of an intention to withdraw, he vanished from my sight, leaving me to the unrestrained enjoyment of my meditations. In the middle distance, I should have told you, appeared our two principal winter theatres,

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, into the latter of which an old hag was busily employed in driving a flock of geese.* A cloud of dust enveloped the former, which, though an elegant and commodious structure, evidently wore the marks of much neglect and ruin. Poor Apollo, who formerly stood triumphant on its summit, had lost his head, his lyre was unstrung, and he exhibited in every respect a complete picture of colossal wretchedness.

My companion had not quitted me many minutes, when, recovered in some measure from my lassitude and surprise, I perceived a monster issuing from a cave, at no great distance from the spot where I sat. The creature was coming towards me with a steady and apparently cautious step, till about fifteen or twenty yards from me, perceiving a stranger, it stopped.

It is hardly possible for language to convey an adequate idea of this anomalous quadruped, who appeared to have four heads; one resembling a justly celebrated and deservedly favourite tragedian; another, a no less valuable acquisition to the stage, as a polished author and brilliant wit; another was a striking likeness of the incomparable Grimaldi: and these three branched, as it were, from one parent neck. The fourth head sprung from the middle of its back, and was in every respect a Harlequin, having a half-mask and jacket, which covered the middle part of the animal, whose hind quarters were those of a large mastiff; it had a long and frightful tail, at the extremity of which was a barbed point, and a quantity of dugs were under the belly. Whilst I was contemplating the prodigy, a number of little gentlemen, resembling in shape and feature many of our modern dramatists, came running from the wood, and, hurrying towards it, each gree-

* Vide Plate, No. III.

dily seized a teat, and fell to sucking with such avidity, as left me no room to believe that the lacteal vessels of their extraordinary "mamma" could long furnish nourishment for the hungry crew.

Around this group, amongst whom I recognised my old friend Carlo, lay scattered a variety of theatrical pieces; and under the fore and hind feet of the animal were scrolls, purporting to be *legitimate* Tragedy and Comedy. Seeing these little fellows so busily employed, and the animal so quiet under what I deemed a state of persecution, I ventured to address myself to it, and expressed great curiosity to know under what genus or species of natural history it could, with most propriety, be classed. "I am," replied the creature, "denominated a MELO-DRAME, naturally inoffensive, and much caressed of late by all ranks and conditions of the British people. How I came into the world, or to whom I am indebted for my birth, appears to be—A TALE OF MYSTERY. I partake, as you see, of the combined natures of Tragedy, Comedy, and Pantomime, without possessing the sublimity, sentiment, or humour of either. To say the truth, I cannot flatter myself that my creation has in the smallest degree contributed either to the adornment, advancement, or utility of the stage;

> —'Whose end, both at first and now,
> Was, and is, to hold as it were the mirror up to nature,
> To shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image,
> And the very age, and body of the time,
> His form and pressure.'

Conscious that none of the above requisites are centred in me, I cannot but regard myself a useless being. Some, however, find it both necessary and advantageous to seek out my retreat; and I am occasionally visited by writers of every description and country. Germania's sons, per-

haps, are most indebted to me; and next to them your countrymen, who, from some strange and unaccountable impulse, delight to imitate their foibles, immorality, and prejudices.

"However much error and want of judgment may prevail for a season, I cannot but look forward with apprehension and anxiety to that period when reason, re-assuming her sway, shall terminate my earthly career. It is not on my own account alone that I am alarmed, possessing, as you see, in many respects a human form. I am endued with a quadruple portion of man's best feeling, '*philanthropy*;' and it grieves me to reflect on the numbers who, by my fall, will be involved in a whirlpool, never to rise again. To some of my votaries, whose genius and talent would have adorned the highest sphere of the drama, I have pointed out my precarious and inefficient existence, warning them in time to avoid such a prostitution of genuine intellect; but they have retorted upon me, that dramatic pieces, now-a-days, are like caricatures—ephemeral productions; which fully answer the end of their creation, when they have reimbursed the managers, and afforded immediate pecuniary aid. Authors' posthumous fame must be sacrificed for present emolument; and the rules of fashion must be as rigidly adhered to on the stage as in the circles of public and private life."

The discourse was now becoming at each instant more and more interesting, and my curiosity was rising in a proportionate degree, when my servant tapped at my door, warned me that it was time to shake off dull sleep, and the delusion fled.

COMEDY IN THE CAGE.

AN ODE.

"*Ordine nullo*
Oscula dispensat natos suprema per omnes."—OVID.

WHEN Comedy, poor dame, was old,
A vagrant strumpet, and a scold,
The beadle forced her to remain
In a tall cage near Drury-lane:
Her children all, with different faces,
Sprang from promiscuous embraces,
With bawling, ballad-singing yell,
Crouded around her vaulted cell:
Till once, 'tis said, in riot frisky,
High primed with true Hibernian whisky,
The motley Savoyarding band
In the Piazza took their stand;
And as they oft had tried apart
The mumming masquerading art,
Each, to please the gaping crowd,
Rehears'd his separate part aloud.

First *Snip-snap* aim'd her skill to try,
(A spurious branch of repartee,)
And giggling laugh'd, she knew not why,
Even at her own affected glee.

Next enter'd puzzle-headed *Plot*,
His limbs a fowler's net surrounded,
Striving to tear each stubborn knot,
He left confusion worse confounded!

Then *Bathos* pour'd, from brazen throat,
Ideas poor, in language rich,
Still striving to o'erleap the moat,
But falling headlong in the ditch.

But thou, *Stage Loyalty*, all boast and brag,
What was thy sublime oration?
Where'er the scene, or false or true,
Whether in China or Peru,
Still it prais'd the English nation,
And to Britannia bade the world submit.
Still would the patriot strain prolong,
And from the gallery, box, and pit,
Call bowing Encore to repeat the song:
And whilst in his own praise he spoke,
Encore stood by, and bawl'd out "Hearts of Oak;"
Whilst Loyalty huzza'd, and waved the British flag;
And longer had he wav'd—but cleft in two,
Arch-rainbow *Scenery* arose,
His trembling lips the magic whistle blew,
And straight appear'd the craggy rocks,
High mountains, drawing-rooms, and flocks,
Prisons to guard a truant daughter,
And cataracts of real water:
And dapper trees in new green clothes,
All nodding "How d'ye do?" in rows:
And though sometimes, each loud applause between,
Rejected Costume at his side,
"All this is mighty pretty," cried,
"But tell me, gaudy painter, what
It has to do with me or plot?"
Still Scenery lengthen'd out his tether,
And Europe, Asia, Afric, danced a jig together.

Thy gambols, *Farce*, now high, now low,
Were nought but war-hoop, stride, and grin:
'Twas now philanthropy in Broker's-row,
And now a booted Harlequin.

With eyes upturn'd, and hose unmended,
Pale *Sentiment* a tub ascended;

And from her Methodistic throne,
In piteous, lamentable tone,
Pour'd in soliloquy the doleful note,
While caught from box to box around,
Dulness bore the soothing sound,
Soft o'er the pit the drowsy murmurs float,
And round the galleries flit in fond delay,
Till tir'd with clapping and encoring,
All gently nodding, dozing, snoring,
In sleep the audience died away.
But O how alter'd was the wond'ring stare,
When mad *Buffoonery*, leaping forth to view,
A foolscap jingling on his crown,
One stocking red, the other blue,
Cried, "Damme, that's your sort!" and knock'd old
Squaretoes down;
Then strew'd the earth with broken crockery-ware.
The heroes of the shilling gallery go
In gathering crowds to see the show,
Creeping from forth their alleys low;
Exulting Folly join'd the yell,
And Bedlam shook its chains through every cell.
Last came *Pun*, as Janus sturdy,
He in zig-zag motion prancing;
To the jew's harp his teeth address'd:
But soon he spied the hurdy-gurdy,
Whose buz ambiguous pleas'd his ear the best.
They would have thought, who heard him gabble
His Babel jargon to the rabble,
They saw in village pool a goose,
Her red beak split, her pinions loose,
To her own hisses madly dancing.
Whilst as conundrums round he flung,
Pun join'd with Folly in an Irish reel;
Loose were her repartees, and light her heel,

And he, sworn foe to Melancholy,
Scorning to be outdone by Folly,
Shook nameless nothings from his quivering tongue.
O Comedy: thou fallen fair!
Friend to pleasure, foe to care,
Now common grown to half the town—
Where is thy former fair renown?
Whene'er stage-history records
The memory of thy wedded lords,
Dost thou no fond remembrance feel
For Congreve, Farquhar, Cibber, Steele?
Hadst thou reserv'd for such a race
Thy matrimonial, chaste embrace,
Thy womb had ne'er produced to view
This spurious raggamuffin crew.
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy lash of old could more avail,
Wrought more amendment from the stage
Than all that charms this senseless age.
For shame! give o'er thy vagrant life,
Become once more a wedded wife;
Or turn to fasting, prayers, and Lent,
And in the Magdalen repent.

J. S.

EXECUTION OF ALL THE TALENTS!!!

ALL hopes of obtaining a pardon, or even a reprieve, having failed, *All the Talents* began, in sober earnest, to prepare for the fate their merits had so long entitled them to expect. Early on the morning of the fatal day, the culprits were awakened by the bellman's recitation of the usual admonitory verses, to which he added the following occasional stanza, written, as we are informed, by Mr. Thomas Sheridan.

C. Barber, Printer, 15, Fleet-street.

O fatal hour! O day forlorn!
Ye would not thus be left to mourn
A set of ousted elves;
Had ye but served the public weal
With half the ardour, half the zeal,
That ye have served—yourselves!

In the course of the sermon delivered by the ordinary, that reverend gentleman descanted with great eloquence upon the fallacies of hope, and the quick-sands of self-conceit. He proved, by the authority of St. Paul, that servants should never attempt to be masters; and added, that a court of exchequer was not a dancing school; that a treasurer should, for decency's sake, have some little treasure of his own; and that if a mere *pronoun personal* were to squat itself down upon a woolsack where nouns substantive had formerly presided, it must soon cease to be a *pronoun possessive*.

The culprits were now assembled in the press-yard, when some difficulty arose as to the choice of an ecclesiastic to perform the last sacred function. The ordinary was of course rejected, as a loyalist and a protestant; Father O'Leary was, alas! no more; and some of the party were looking impatiently towards the reverend personage whom they had refused, alleging that a protestant was *better than nothing*, when Mr. W——d put an absolute veto upon the business, consigning to the devil all ordinaries, except *ordinaries on Sundays at two o'clock*, which, he observed, had been the making of himself and his father. At this juncture the astonished keeper ran into the press-yard to inform the malefactors that he had just beheld a man with a grey beard and a fool's cap galloping like mad up the Old Bailey on a donkey, and swinging something at the end of a rope that looked like a brass butter-boat! "'Tis the pope, by the head of St. Januarius," cried the delighted Lord G——e; and the

words were scarcely uttered, when his holiness entered the court-yard. It is not for a hum-drum historian, like the writer of this article, to attempt a description of the meeting. Love of place, hope of absolution, fear of purgatory, and the dread of being *turned* off, conspired to produce a scene to which the pencil of the great Mr. West could alone do justice, when he shall have ceased to depict brass armour, pewter faces, and wooden rocking-horses.

The usual ceremony of knocking off the fetters was now about to be resorted to, when Lord Henry P—y insisted upon first entertaining the pope with a hornpipe in fetters, as performed in the Beggars' Opera, which he effected in a style that drew applause even from the hands of the most manacled. "My dear son," exclaimed the pope, in the words of the uncle in the play, "you will have but one more dance, and that will be—upon nothing; but what, my dear boy, is that bundle which so extends your left coat pocket." "Holy father," cried the penitent skipper, "it is only a collection of notched sticks, no longer, alas! of use." "Pardon me," resumed the pope, "they are of the greatest use," and instantly delivered them to the finisher of the law, with which he abruptly departed.

All the Talents at this period tenderly embraced each other, and were walking forward in procession to the scaffold, when Mr. Sheriff P——s abruptly made his appearance, apologising for his delay, and informing the party that he had been busy in writing an answer to a certain abusive pamphlet, but had in the prosecution of his work been so much impeded by the non-attendance of a certain grave personage, entitled *Grammar*, that he had not been able to complete his task within the proposed period. "Scribimus indocti doctique," exclaimed Mr. S——n. "I did not say any such thing," answered the Sheriff;

"as to your Latin lingo, thank Heaven! I know no more about it than the *pope of Rome*." His holiness stared at this simile, but made no reply.

The feelings of all present were now alarmed with a crackling and hissing noise, and the murky atmosphere of Newgate grew red with conflagration. The hangman soon made his appearance, and informed the anxious enquirers that he had been ordered by the magistrate to burn certain newspapers, called the Morning Chronicle, News, Bell's Weekly Messenger, &c. &c.; and that by command of the pope he had added Lord Henry's notched sticks, which had together made as pretty a bonfire as man could wish to be fried in. "Fried in!" exclaimed the affrighted Mr. W——d; "why, zounds, Sir," turning to the pope, "you don't mean to roast us?" "Certainly," replied the descendant of St. Peter with great coolness; "genuine, unadulterated martyrdom can be manufactured in no other manner." A counsel of war was hereupon called, and Mr. S——n observed, that from the foretaste of that element he had felt in a leading feature in his own visage, he should prefer the vulgar exit by means of a rope. The rest of the malefactors acquiesced in this opinion, and the fire was soon quenched by a few sheets of Le Beau Monde, wet from the press.

At the toll of the bell the criminals, escorted by the pope, ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and were placed by Mr. Ketch in the usual manner, with their faces towards Ludgate-hill. Mr. Sheriff P——s, however, objected to this arrangement, saying, that he had read in some law book, either in Fox's Martyrs, Jonathan Wild, or Blackstone, that if a man was a Roman catholic or an anabaptist (which he believed meant the same thing), he was entitled to be hanged with his face towards Smithfield. This laudable attention to the liberty of the subject was soon reported in the interior of the prison, and the nu-

merous felons, delighted at the *new prospect* thus opened to them by the humanity of the Sheriff,

"Shook their chains in transport and rude harmony."

"To the right-about face!" cried the pope: ALL THE TALENTS obeyed; and Smithfield, with its horned inhabitants, instantly saluted their eyes. Mr. S——n disliked the sight of Giltspur-street counter, and Lord G——e complained that the protestant church of St. Sepulchre was thrown in his teeth. Mr. W——d was particularly affected by the view of three of his own drays; and Lord Henry P— wished it was fair time, as he had heard the *hops* given at that place were very fashionably attended. The pope interrupted the conversation, by asking the criminals if they had any objection to a stave: they answered, none at all; whereupon his holiness sung an anthem, setting forth his own birth, parentage, and education, his connection with ALL THE TALENTS, and the cause of their present downfall, the malefactors joining in the chorus with great appearance of devotion. Our reporter was so far from the scene of action that his ear could only catch the following stanza:

I trotted from Rome to crown Emperor Nap,
Hey, tan ta ra, ra, bo!
Where I sat in a corner, and wore a fool's cap,
Hey, tan ta ra, ra, bo!
I rode on a donkey, so doubtful to view,
That they could not tell which was the ass of the two,
With my monkery, funkery,
Rosary, doz ry,
Puzzle 'em, muzzle 'em,
Bobadil, rob a deal,
Hey, tan ta, ra, ra, bo:

During the chorus, hey, tan ta, ra, bo! Lord Henry cut a caper in the air, and alighted on his left leg, till desired

by the pontiff to desist, as so much violence might loosen the pin, and cause a premature exit. At the last words of the close, *bo!* ALL THE TALENTS, by a sympathetic movement, cast their eyes on poor Lord Henry, which Mr. S——n technically called *catching goose.*

The finisher of the law now proceeded to adjust the night-caps, and Lord E—— took off his judicial wig, which he requested Lord G——e to accept: the latter declining the offer. "Nay, take it, I conjure you," said his friend; "it is a *full bottom.*" "So is *mine,*" answered Lord G——e, turning on his heel. At the appointed signal, the platform dropped, and the culprits were launched into eternity. The pope replenished his vinegar cruet, to melt himself a road through the Alps, and the multitude quietly departed to their respective habitations.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

JUVENILE LIBRARIES.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabitur aptis.

MR. SATIRIST,

WHATEVER you or others may think, I do solemnly assure you, it gave me a very particular pleasure to read the animadversions of Mr. Thomas Little, alias Little Anacreon, alias *propriâ personâ* ΜΩΡΟΣ, in No. III. pp. 264, 265, 266. Notwithstanding a certain air of elegant *persiflage* [as our enlightened and amiable neighbours call such raillery], particularly when he calls your portrait in No. II. "an admirable likeness" of crazy Jane; I

cannot but with heartfelt gratitude consider my friend's intention too plain to be misunderstood, and that it is to do me honour.

Before we turn to Monsieur Tabart and his incomparable *boutique* in Bond-street, allow me, Sir, to state a few observations relative to myself and my own lucubrations. *Ed anch' io sono pittore;* and, I may truly say, I have not been quite idle in the republic of letters, or in the walks, the sweet *serpentine* walks of life and fashion. When I was *very* young, and like Hercules—in the beautiful allegory of Prodicus, inimitably translated by Bishop Lowth, in Spence's *Polymetis*—"was musing on my present condition, and very much perplexed in myself on the state of life I should choose;" [*See the subject detailed in prose in the Tatler*]—start not, Mr. Satirist!—I resolved, at last, to turn A METHODIST PREACHER: well knowing the palpable darkness of my mind, the squalor and gloominess of my visage, the shrill tones of my voice, and the general *diablerie* of my looks, thoughts, gesticulations, and language. With my head surcharged with thick-growing fancies, I repaired to honest TOM, alias ΜΩΡΟΣ, who instantly shook his little pate, and asked of me my motives for the purposed procedure? I told him, very sincerely, my motive—my sole motive—was an ardent wish to benefit the rising generation: all young men were not born ANACREONS, but every one must consult his peculiar *forte;* and mine, I felt, lay in the powerful enforcement of moral, virtuous, and religious precepts, by example, and exhortations, and denunciations: by an example of personal purity, by mild exhortations to amendment of life, by most energetic denunciations to impenitent reprobates of the terrors of d*mn*tion, fire everlasting, brimstone, devils, and h*ll.

"Oh! if that be your motive," rejoined honest TOM, with bewitching *nonchalance*, "sit down for a minute,

and hear me. You need not dye your wardrobe; but may do more good as M. P. and a professed writer for the stage and for circulating libraries. Be a second Dr. JOHNSON, or, if you please, his *ghost*. Think you, my good fellow, his dictates would have experienced such general reception, had they descended to us *ex cathedrâ?* No, no, MAT. It was their singularity that charmed and won. Dr. JOHNSON, the poor layman, writing in the attics of an obscure lodging, caused ten thousand times more admiration by his invectives against vice, than all your WHITFIELDS, your WESLEYS, your PROUDS, your KINGSBURYS, your ROWLANDS, could possibly have done. Steal an office-pen from your worthy father's desk, and write; *write*, my boy, and, d*mme, you hit it!"—I here gently checked him for the lively *lapsus linguæ*, and he proceeded.

"Dr. JOHNSON was an excellent poet, I would have *you* write verses: Dr. JOHNSON wrote one excellent tragedy, I would have *you* write plays: Dr. JOHNSON composed an excellent romance, I would have *you* write tales and novels: in short, although in externals you no more resemble him than Æsop's frog did the ox, yet try your powers of writing, MAT, and take him for your model."

I thought honest TOM's advice was good, and I took it: hence sprung my *Monkish* legend, my *Spectral* shew, my *wonderful* tales, my *Cacodæmons* of the wood, my *Crazy* dames. Dr. JOHNSON lived to a good and venerable old age, Mr. Satirist; whilst I am not, even yet, quite forty: there is much "green wood and sap" in me still, Sir. I meant, by my motto from Horace, to insinuate to your readers, that "every dog has his day," and that, in literature, I have hitherto been little more than a puppy. It were an idle task, you know, to attempt to screw an old head upon a stripling's shoulders; nay, Lord H-nry P-tty and advocate *I* (see Satirist, No. III. pp. 243, &c.)

C. Barber, Printer, 15, Fleet street.

have laboured hard to tell us, that prattling is not politics, and that dancing is not decision. But years bring advantages, and comforts too, along with them; the INS of to-day may be the OUTS of to-morrow, and may lose their dignities; whilst men like *me* may, in time, assume a bolder tone; and although, in the language of Paul, [allow *a methodist in spirit* one brief quotation!] "when they were children they spake, understood, and thought as such," and when they were raw half-educated youths in parliament, they wrote and acted like simpletons; yet, in the fulness of time, Mr. Satirist, I do hope I shall come nearer and nearer to my illustrious prototype; and, as HE compiled an excellent dictionary, shall be able, *of my own self*, to write a horn-book for Monsieur TABART'S JUVENILE LIBRARY IN BOND-STREET.

And now, having thus given you my succinct history, I will return to this incomparable vender of *babe's meat*. In the first place, I must tell you—

My sarcastic friend ΜΩΡΟΣ, by leaving out the repetition, or chorus of Mons. T.'s POEM, greatly injures the *tout-ensemble*, or general and combined effect. The lines, *meo periculo,—entre-nous*, I wrote them, mum,—should indubitably run thus:

POEM.

"There was a little maid,
And she was afraid,
Her sweetheart would come to her, to her, to her:
She bound up her head,
When she went to bed,
And she fasten'd her door with a skewer, skewer, skewer."

Your taste and judgment must enable you to see, at a glance, the sprightly effect of this chorus. I can hardly believe any pretty master or miss could read it aloud, with a rattle, a whistle, or a sampler in each hand, without renewing the scene in Virgil:

——" Arsère coruscæ
Luminibus flammæ arrectis, salsusque per artus
Sudor iit,* TERque ipse (*or* ipsa) solo —mirabile dictu,—
Emicuit, parmamque ferens hastamque trementem."

I remember, that when, after a nine year's struggle with my bashfulness, on one hand, and my love of fame on the other—whilst I stood, like Garrick, between Thalia and Melpomene, in Sir Joshua's picture, or rather like Macheath between Lucy and Polly, in Gay's opera, till both lappels of my best coat were nearly torn off—I remember, I say, Sir, that when I applied to my critical friends for their candid opinions of this POEM, two of the foremost in my esteem, viz. Mr. Douce and Mr. Pye, differed somewhat about the close of my *third* line. Mr. Douce shrewdly suspected that it ought to run thus, "*tew-'er, tew-'er, tew-'er;*" and that then it would rhyme charmingly with the close of my *sixth* line, "*skewer, skewer, skewer:*" but the LAUREAT, [to whom on this, as on many other occasions, I am under inexpressible obligations] smilingly twitched my ear,† and whispered me to beware of such a miserable substitution: "The remark," he justly observed, "was quite from the purpose, and was unfortunately no illustration; as every cockney, spiriting his dog to spring a covey of pigs with the old sow at their heads, would vociferate—'*To her, Jowler, to her, to her.*" I have since seen a remark to this purport in the SATIRIST, No. III. p. 229.

I cannot agree with honest TOM in his severe strictures on Mons. T. *Si populus vult decipi decipiatur*, is a very common maxim; it is the *jus et norma* of all my publications, and, I doubt not, of all those of Mons. T. If rich parents will buy, why needy authors will compile,

* *Anglice*—"Could not contain their u—e for affection."—SHAK. *Merchant of Venice.*

† Cinthius aurem vellit.

and needy shopkeepers will sell. We must suit our customers at our end of the town, if we can, as cleverly as Richard Phillips, Esq. Sheriff, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. does his at the other. There is ever an implied and existing connection between the buyer and the seller; the article bought or sold is only the medium. How could lawyers get on, were there no litigants? How could novel-mongers, farce-mongers, libel-mongers, &c. exist, were there no circulating libraries, no reading-clubs, no sentimental boarding-schools, no pampering papas and mammas? You yourself, Mr. Satirist, give the animated answer in No. III. of your work, p. 297. I only regret, Sir, that you seem not to be *one of us*.

ΜΑΤΘΑΙΟΣ, *not* ΜΑΤΑΙΟΣ, *nor*
The AUTHOR *of the* PURSUITS *of* LITERATURE.

SAWNEY, COBBY, AND RUFO.

A POLEMICAL ECLOGUE.*

SAWNEY.

COBBY, though long thy loud discordant strains
Have pleased the grosser ears of vulgar swains;

* We insert this eclogue, which was sent to us as an *original* production, not for any particular merit that it possesses, but to shew with what shameless effrontery some people will attempt to pass off the most barefaced plagiarisms. On reading it slightly over, we scarce knew what to make of it; but some particular allusions brought to our recollection the dispute betwern Mr. Cobbett and the Edinburgh Reviewers, who have taken such pains to expose, for the amusement of the public, the political venality and inconsistency of each other: and upon turning to the Edinburgh Review, July 1807, Art. IX. and the Political Register, Oct. 1807, we found, that there is scarce an image, or even expression, in this eclogue, which is not

Whilst thou of fools and knaves by turns hast sung,
The venom flowing ceaseless from thy tongue;
Soon shalt thou see how little thou art prized,
Thy strains neglected, and thyself despised.

COBBY.

Why, bully Sawney, this high-sounding tone
Suits well thy drowsy bagpipe's nasal drone!
Thy anger needs must fill me with affright,
Who art 'alike prepared to sing or fight;'
Whose fiery courage ne'er exhales in vapour,
Thou fearest no bullets—'*so they be of paper.*'

SAWNEY.

Such asinine attempts at wit may pass
With those, who'd praise the dancing of an ass:*
But more thy 'vaunted honesty' offends,
False to thy foes, but falser to thy friends;
For scorn and ridicule an object fit,
Thy honesty no greater than thy wit.

COBBY.

Full well I know the source from whence to date
Thy impotent abuse, and rancorous hate:

stolen from these publications; however distorted by caricature, or disguised by the mode of application. If such piracies are to be suffered, there must soon be an end of all literary property: this is picking our pockets and laughing in our faces. To deter others from attempting to impose on us such plagiarisms, we thought of extracting from the Edin. Review and Pol. Register the passages which this eclogue-writer has so unblushingly copied; but we found that this would be to make a note upon every line. We must therefore beg leave to refer our readers to these publications, and content ourselves with noticing only a few of the thefts, and fixing a mark upon the principal of the pilfered expressions, by setting them within the pillory of inverted commas.—*Note by the Editor.*

* No allusion to Lord Henry Petty.

Beneath the farmer's cow I saw thee steal,
Thy stomach growling for the milky meal;
The farmer came—a smile it sure might cause,
To see 'the paps torn from thy hungry jaws.'

SAWNEY.

This purse, the pledge of Betty's* love behold,
Meant to receive our visionary gold;
This purse, though dearly valued, shall be thine,
If thou canst prove thy faith to equal mine,
And 'convert RUFO,† who extremes hath tried,'
Shall judge the contest, and the prize decide.

COBBY.

This gay cockade, where azure, red, and white,
Display their varied tints in contrast bright,
Young FANNY ‡ gave; and dearer than mine eyes
I hold this pledge of buried prejudice;
To thee I yield it, if I fail to prove
That all thy wooing is but cupboard-love.

RUFO.

Begin the charge, and thou the charge repel,
Alternate, like the buckets of a well;

* We do not know that we are right in printing this name thus: in our correspondent's manuscript it is certainly *P*etty; but he writes in a strange careless way, and (to borrow a vulgar phrase, originally, we believe, confined to a theatrical sense) pays little attention to his P's and Q's. BETTY, however, is certainly a name more suited to the *feminine* character alluded to.—E.

† Rufo, or Rufus, REDHEAD, the nick-name given to our second WILLIAM. We cannot see the allusion: and why *convert* Rufo? Perhaps our readers may find the explanation, on looking into the Edinburgh Review cited above.—E.

‡ Quere, is this *Miss* Fanny, *Lord* Fanny, or *Sir* Fanny: Pope says,

"*Lord* Fanny spins a hundred such a day."—E.

So, between both, though whelm'd in sorry plight,
Truth, if at bottom, may be brought to light.

SAWNEY.

When hither, from the serpent-hatching West
Thou camest, ejected as her foulest pest,
Thou wast so delicate, thy ears so fine,
Thou couldst not even bear the *grunt of swine*,
And wast as fretful as a *Porcupine*.*

* This is evidently an allusion to the title and avowed principles of Mr. Cobbett's original paper; and to convince our readers that we do not venture this assertion without good reason, we subjoin a few extracts from the Prospectus of a daily paper called the PORCUPINE, published by Mr. Cobbett, in Oct. 1800.

"Having in America (says Mr. Cobbett) *witnessed the fatal effects of revolution*, having seen the *crime of rebellion against monarchy* punished by the tormenting, the degrading curse of republicanism; it is with the utmost astonishment and indignation I find [in my native country] the emissaries of the republican faction *(for such it really is)* still preaching fanaticism and infidelity, still *bawling for that change which they have the audacity to denominate* REFORM. For me, who have seen republican judges become felons, and felons become republican judges; for me to fold my hands, and tamely listen to the insolent eulogists of republican governments and rulers, would be a shameful abandonment of principle, a dastardly dereliction of duty. I trust I shall never be base enough to decline a combat with the enemies [of RELIGION and LOYALTY], whether they approach me in the lank looks of the sectary, or *the scald crop of the Jacobin.—The unperverted sense of the people is so decided in favour of the established order of things, that the contrivers of innovation are never formidable, except where their real views are unperceived.* If I hope to yield some trifling support to the ministry, it is not because I have received, or ever shall receive, any gratification at their hands; but because I am most *sincerely persuaded* that, NEXT TO THE VIRTUES OF HIS MAJESTY, THIS COUNTRY OWES ITS PRESERVATION to the *wisdom* and INTEGRITY of Mr. PITT and *his colleagues*. In the days of youth and ignorance, I was led to believe, that comfort, freedom, and virtue were exclusively the lot of republicans. A very short trial con-

But now thy zeal leaves convert Jews behind,
And the pigs stare to see thee grown so kind.

COBBY.

When the starv'd North no longer would supply
Thy maw with *singed hede and *haggis pie*;**

vinced me of my error; and I feel an irresistible desire to communicate to my countrymen the fruit of my experience; TO SHEW THEM THE INJURIOUS AND DEGRADING CONSEQUENCES OF DISCONTENTMENT, DISLOYALTY, AND INNOVATION; TO CONVINCE THEM THAT THEY ARE THE FREEST AS WELL AS THE HAPPIEST OF THE HUMAN RACE; AND, ABOVE ALL, TO WARN THEM AGAINST THE ARTS OF THOSE AMBITIOUS AND PERFIDIOUS DEMAGOGUES, WHO WOULD WILLINGLY REDUCE THEM TO A LEVEL WITH THE CHEATED SLAVES, IN THE BEARING OF WHOSE YOKE I HAVE HAD THE MORTIFICATION TO SHARE."—E.

* There is a fine description of this Scotch dish in the *wicked* Hall Stevenson's first lyric epistle to a Scotch reviewer:

" Nay, I could wish
To see your b—s—es singed and flead,
Just like your favourite dish,
A singed hede;
To smell them savoury and reeky
Like Cocky Leaky:
And as your cook, at the smith's forge,
Gives the fine flavour of the wool
To a sheep's scull,
Which makes you eat till you regorge:
So the communication is so great
Between your brains and your b—e,
Between the seat
Of laziness and seat of pride;
That though the brains of all you jokers
Never struck fire into a single joke,
Yet if your b—ms were singed with pokers,
Your brains, perhaps, might yield a little smoke."

It is, perhaps, proper to observe, that Hall Stevenson was the friend, the Eugenius of Sterne; some, who are unacquainted with his writ-

We saw thee rav'nous as a leech for food,
'Prepar'd to stick' where'er there might be blood,
And empty every vein to do us good;
Well mayst thou grieve at Betty's foul disgrace,
Thou'st lost thy dinners since she lost her place.'

SAWNEY.

Once *Farmer George* had all thy love, and then
His servants were the very best of men;
His *house* was *clean*, and needed no repair,
His cattle managed with 'paternal care;'
And all who talk'd of 'tyrants or of slaves,'
Were 'ideots, scoundrels, *gallows-hating knaves.*'

COBBY.

As soon as Betty got the farmer's place,
Thy 'cheek-bones high, straight back, and modest face,'
Were seen in every corner of the house,
And scarce a cheese-paring was left a mouse;
Thy itchy fingers were in all the dishes,
Thou wast so greedy of the *loaves and fishes.*

SAWNEY.

How 'wondrously art thou transform'd of late,'
Thy former love all turn'd to bitterest hate!
The *farmer* now is a 'poor purblind' sot,
His *house* all filth, and mouldering with the rot;
His cattle work'd beyond their strength to bear,
His pigs, Lord help 'em! left to feed—*on air!*

COBBY.

The '*folly-stricken blockhead and his toe*
With *anile* fomentations fondled' so,

ings, might otherwise suppose, very naturally, that the above was addressed to the *present* Edinburgh reviewers.

Had ne'er been heard of, had he left thee free
To 'gorge and pilfer' with impunity:
But 'twas too much to bear, all 'on a sudden
To be kick'd out,' and lose thy beef and pudding.*

SAWNEY.

Oft hast thou sworn that PITTA, in thine eyes,
Alone was fair, was honest, good, or wise;
While thy loved FANNY thou hast o'er and o'er,
Pelted with mud, and call'd a '*rebel's whore*:'†
How FANNY grew so good, we should be told,
And PITTA changed to such a 'thief and scold.'

COBBY.

Whene'er I changed, 'twas ne'er for love of pelf,
'My reasons always satisfied—*myself*:'‡
But thou, when PITTA fed the pigs, didst cry
Her mode of fatting to the very sky;
And prais'd to the third heaven young BETTY's plan,
Though PITTA gave them corn and BETTY—*bran*.§

SAWNEY.

How long the good VOLPINE didst thou traduce!
But 'thy last praise was worse than thy abuse.'

* "Their legs (the legs of the Edinburgh reviewers) were thrown daily under the table of some minister of state, whose jokes they cheered, and whose follies they laughed at, when they met in the morning in their snug economical apartment; and then to find themselves, like the drunken cobbler in the play, returned, as if by enchantment, to their onions and beer." Political Register, as above.—E.

† "Shewed like a rebel's whore."—Macbeth, Act I. sc. 1.

‡ "I have always given reasons satisfactory at least to myself for my change of opinions. Ib.—E.

§ "They extolled Mr. Pitt's plan of finance to the sky, and praised Lord H. Petty's (the very reverse of it) to the third heaven." Ib.—E.

HORNETTA, who enjoys thy present smile,
Exhausted once thy talent to revile:
Thy once-loved SHERIDANA is grown dull,
Fickle, and worse, 'a *merry-andrew's*' trull.

COBBY.

Thy eye can see no virtue, charm, or grace,
Except what is reflected by the place;
This gave the DOCTRESS charms, for this was bored
PITTA with vows, for this VOLPINE* adored.
Even 'LAUDERDALIA was a fool' and b——,
'Till she could give something' besides—*the itch*.

SAWNEY.

On all whose praises thou hast ever sung,
The ordure of thy low abuse is flung.
In sooth 'twas hard that thou couldst ne'er obtain
One cheering smile to recompense thy pain;
And though expos'd for sale, 'twas never thought
Worth while to ask for what thou mightst be bought.

COBBY.

Thy keen *review* is ever turn'd to seek ye
Something more solid than your *Cocky Leaky:*
Though 'like a crow about to gorge its prey,
Thanks to the farmer! thou art driven away;'
Thou'lt 'pick our pockets if we don't take care,
For thou art *second-sighted*, like a hare.'

RUFO.

Break off the contest, and henceforth be friends,
You both have wisely sought your private ends.
The gay cockade to Sawney I decree,
Cobby, the empty purse belongs to thee.

Oxford, Dec. 1, 1807. N.

* "They were delighted with Mr. Addington, enamoured of Pitt, and adored poor Mr. Fox." Political Register.—E.

POLITICAL DRAMA.

MR. SATIRIST,

If the scheme I am about to propose should meet your approbation, this letter may be inserted in your next number, as the *avant propos* to my intended lucubrations. Novelty, amid the present pruriency for periodical works, must, in a great degree, be the jewel which recommends any particular publication to a more distinguished portion of public favour than its rivals. I rejoice to see that you have hit upon several methods of creating a preference for the SATIRIST, not only novel, but truly excellent in design. Your COMPARATIVE CRITICISM, among other meritorious features, must entitle you to the unqualified approbation of every friend to genius, literature, and justice. It is a base and despicable triumph that is gained over the timid hare; but to drag the wily fox or ferocious tiger from his secret haunts, and hunt him to an ignominious death, is a noble chase. Now, Sir, to my subject. Anxious to rescue from disgrace and obloquy a certain body of political worthies, *self*-named "ALL THE TALENTS," I long exerted all my *talents* to discover a method of doing justice to their *virtuous patriotism;* but so much had been written and said upon their arrogance in power, their meanness while falling, and their rancour since that lamentable event, that I began to dispair of success. I successively adopted and abandoned twenty designs: at last, after mature deliberation, I conceived that the most proper, and only new light in which I could exhibit my characters, would be to present them to the public as deliberating and deciding upon their future operations. With this plan in view I sketched a *tragic-comic-melo-drame* in rhyme, consisting of the following *dramatis personæ*, and entitled,

VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL.

LORD LUCIFER, *an ambitious noble,* - - - Mr. Grin-vile.
TOM EGO, *a libertine, with a b—y song,* - - Mr. Chance-seller.
DEMON, *a misanthrope,* - - - - - - - - - Mr. Grey-goose.
CATS-PAW, *an informer,* - - - - - - - - Mr. Albus Panis.
BRAG, *a debauchee,* - - - - - - - - - Mr. Harlequin.
WEAZEL, *a toad-eater,* - - - - - - - - Mr. Oldport.
BLOCK, *a stationer,* - - - - - - - - - Mr. Temple.
VERSATILE, *a borough-monger,* - - - - - Mr. Turn-ay.
ARIEL, *an evil spirit,* - - - - - - - - - Mr. Wind-i-am.

And

SKIPTON, *a petit-maitre,* - - - - - - - - The Young Roscius, who was to have introduced a favourite *pas-seul,* called Heel and Toe, to the tune of "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down a downee."

MUTES, - - - - - - - - - - - - { Mr. Law Sulky. Mr. Medicus.

Mrs. PROMPTER, - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Fitz.
Miss PROMPTER, - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Bucks.

Waiters, Servants, Trainbearers, Supporters, &c. &c. by Messrs. Beds, Norfolk, Holland, &c. &c. &c.

Out of these materials I manufactured a pretty kind of melancholy-farcical piece, laying the scene at Willis's, and causing the *actors*, after lamenting, regretting, groaning, reviling, quarrelling, bragging, and cursing, according to their various characters, through the first four acts, to console themselves in the fifth (when, you know, an author *must* make all end happily), by individually asserting their own great abilities, and coming to a resolution, *nem. con.* to harass their successors in office by every possible means. Much interest is excited in this act by the *hobble* they are in about finding topics for this *patriotic* purpose, as they confess to one another, that the *old palaver* about the freedom of the people, reform of parliament, liberty of the press, &c. &c. *won't go down* now, since they have been tried, and found wanting. At last,

however, they agree that nothing can render them more *hateful, despicable*, and *ridiculous*, than they are already, and determine to rail against m——rs *for seizing* the D—h fleet; for *not seizing* the P-rt—se fleet; for *incensing* R—a by *maltreating her allies;* for *not incensing* R—a, by capturing *her own navy*; for employing *Sir H—— P——m;* for not employing *Colonel C——d*; for speaking in *a haughty tone* to *Am—ca;* for dispatching a *conciliatory* mission to the *Un-ted St-tes;* for vexing and thwarting the designs of Buonaparte, &c. &c.; and, above all, for not *promising any thing* while *they perform a great deal*, which my *heroes* conclude is not done from any love to the country, but solely with the design, Mr. Satirist, of satirising *them!!!*

Tom Ego, Versatile, Brag, and as many more as have *brass enough*, make *a party* of themselves *apart*, resolving to join a band of pretended patriots, to be called, "the friends of the people in both *houses*," i. e. both *play*-houses.

I flatter myself, Sir, that this was no very bad idea, particularly as the drama was interspersed with many striking, interesting, affecting *stage-traps;* such as the appearance of the *ghost of the great old Whig*, Mrs. Fitz going into fits on the occasion; a Bull absolving Britain from *her* allegiance popped in by the pope, and another made by Oldport; Mrs. Bucks *stow*-ed away like Falstaff in a *bucking* basket; the songs of "*the soldier tired of war's alarms*," by Mr. Bragfurd, and "*the soldier's return*," by Mr. Blacklocke.—Really, Sir, the scene was magnificent, and worthy of *either house*.

But, alas! *talents*, even though we possess them *all*, are insufficient to procure us estimation. My drama was rejected at D—— L——, with the most mortifying disdain, and a reprimand for my insolence in libelling my betters; and at C—— G——, because some of the *musical*

performers were on terms of the *most familiar intimacy* with my principal characters, they turned me and my *play* away in *sorrow*.

This is hard usage, Mr. Satirist, after all my pains and racking of the brain, after all my *mighty promises*, to end in smoke; but the vaunts of *my heroes* ended the same way, that is some consolation.

My drama being thus *damned* before it is *played*, I am grievously at a loss to discover by what channel I can give vent to all the wit, satire, and humour which it contains. Will you, *my dear* Mr. Satirist! enable me, through the medium of *your most excellent work*, to indulge in my *cacoethes scribendi*, and shew the world how *vastly clever* I am. My modesty will not permit me to say more; neither will I predict that you will find I possess *all the literary talents in the nation*, because if I did, you would *naturally* expect an abortion.

" Ὠδινεν ὄρος ζιὸς δ' ἐφοβεῖτο, τὸ δ' ἔτικεν μυν."

(I prefer the Greek, because " *Parturient montes*," &c. is too hacknied to be adopted by a man of my erudition,)

Rather let me hope you will find me resemble one of *the Blocks*, doing much, and boasting little.

I am aware that the cobweb of my brain cannot properly find its way into your publication in its original dramatic form; and I imagine it will be better to give a local habitation and a name to the DEEDS of my heroes, as they are *committed*, than to contemplate them *in prospective*. I therefore propose to give monthly an exact, though summary, account of their conduct and sp—ches in P——t, under the title of

" *P——tary D-b-tes in Rhyme.*"

You will readily conceive that, in executing this design, it will be unnecessary for me to notice much of the present m——y. They never say or do any thing worth preserving; and if we had no other subject (I am grieved to

confess it), both you and me, Mr. Satirist, might cry—"Othello's occupation's gone." For my money, Sir, what could the classic wit of a C-nn-g furnish comparable to the puns of a Sh—n; the keen sarcastic observations of a P——l to the moody, muddy remarks of a Wh—d; the sterling sense of a R—e to the frittered conceits of a W——m; the *weight* of a C—gh to the *heaviness* of a T—le; the perspicuity of a H—ch—n to the financial tropes and figures of a P—y; the tempered fire of a M—lls to the pertness of a N—p—t; the vivid and glowing colouring of a H—y to the dark and gloomy designs of a Gr-y. Lord, Sir! I could make nothing of these men; it would indeed be *chipping* BLOCKS *with a razor*: and besides, all the loyal, patriotic sentiments are uttered by *my heroes;* and these alone are worthy of being handed down to posterity for *an example* (*not pattern*) to all *true patriots*.

I hope, great Satirist! you will not dash my cup of literary fame to the ground. Consider! what a grand thing it will be to consecrate *all the effusions* of *All the Talents;* not in the slovenly way of a daily paper—not choaked with the numerous weeds which spring up so luxuriantly with every *little flower* of rhetoric, vanity, and patriotism—not buried beneath the dross of extraneous matter, but, as it were, *etherealized a la W——m*; divested of all rubbish and nonsense (for, Heaven forgive them! they do give birth to a vast quantity of both), and calculated to swim, like a duck, down the tide of Time, to a well deserved immortality!!! My soul fires with rapture at the prospect, and in the plenitude of my conviction, I could, if needful, give you a thousand and one additional reasons why you should not refuse a niche in your *Temple*;—but talking of Temples (*vide* LOCKE on the connection and *concatenation* of *ideas*), I have wasted too much *stationary* already, and it is time I *stood still*. By

a prolixity, rare with me, and incongenial with my name, I have encroached *far too far* on your truly valuable limits. I shall therefore conclude in a hurry as great as that with which *All the Talents* concluded their memorable administration, by subscribing myself,

Your sincere well wisher,

BREVIS CURTIS.

N. B. No connection with my namesake the al——n.

THE LOITERER.

No. I.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAVE read your work, and am pleased with it: you will think this no compliment, perhaps, when I tell you, that I never was *dis*pleased with any thing in my life. Why I *particularly* like your production, however, you shall presently hear: but, as it is most probable, that having once introduced myself, I shall often feel inclined to address you, you have certainly a right to know something about me, before you admit me to any degree of intimacy: and therefore I will tell you as much as I know myself.

This may be done in very few words; for of my birth or person I shall say nothing, there being nothing unnatural in either. Disposition and habits distinguish and characterize the individual; when I have told you mine, you are informed of all that is of consequence to know.

I began with telling you, I never was out of humour in my life; and the nearest approach I ever felt towards resentment, was once, when, calling on a lady with whom I had taken it into my head to be deeply enamoured, I perceived the letter I had addressed to her the day before,

containing a tender avowal of my passion, cut into little ladies and gentlemen, for the amusement of her younger sisters: but then I was only angry with myself, for having been such a coxcomb as to write it.

For this singular and placid disposition, I am, in great measure, indebted to Nature, but not a little perhaps to circumstances. I have never felt either the burthen or absolute want of money, and never had a—wife: the two principal sources, I have heard, of irritation and discontent. I am connected with no party, and therefore political changes affect me not; I am no speculator, nor gambler, and not subject, therefore, to be ruffled at the caprices of Fortune; I am no virtuoso nor connoisseur, and though I see a vase, beautifully broken, sold for a thousand pounds, and a picture absolutely given away for five thousand guineas, I do not curse the slenderness of my purse which prevents me from purchasing such bargains: and, lastly, I am no author, so that the *wit* of the Edinburgh Reviewers will never make me hang myself.

As to my habits, having no business nor profession to engage me, my time is generally spent as chance directs. When I rise in the morning, I seldom know where I shall sleep at night. There being scarce any object from which I cannot derive pleasure, I pursue that which first presents itself, and quit it when I meet with one more interesting. I am never absolutely idle, nor ever actively engaged; and, from this desultory mode of passing my time, I am known among my friends by the name of THE LOITERER: and this title I beg leave to adopt in my correspondence with you.

Reading is among my principal amusements; and, in general, the works of the present day are particularly suited to one of my disposition. They do not burthen

and confuse our memory with new ideas, nor keep our minds upon the stretch to soar with them to the regions of imagination, or dive into the profundities of science. All is plain, and smooth, and jog-trot travelling. I have gone over most of the works that have been put together, of late years, at our principal book manufactories; and it is really astonishing to conceive into what a variety of shapes the ingenious literary mechanics have worked up the same materials; by which means they have undoubtedly promoted the interests, if not of literature, certainly of her servants, the printers, papermakers, and booksellers. In all their works, the same information, the same thoughts, constantly recur, like the paper-figures in a raree-show; sometimes tricked out in tinsel finery, at others stripped almost fashionably bare: but it is pleasant under any shape to recognise our old acquaintance. I have, however, now and then, met with a stray idea or two that were new to me: these I have transcribed into a little volume I had bound up for the purpose. It is not yet half full; and, as I travel about a good deal, it is convenient, and agreeable enough to carry in one's pocket the whole library of modern literature.

Now, Mr. Satirist, it is for very different reasons that I am pleased with your publication: for though partiality to old friends is natural, I never feel a disinclination to form a new acquaintance with one, who has agreeable qualities to recommend him. But besides the general air of originality which characterizes your work, I admire particularly your powers of invention and imagination. You set out with telling us, that you would lash, without mercy, the follies and vices of the age: and, in good truth, you have laid about you pretty handsomely. Now I think with you, that folly and vice deserve chastisement wherever they are met with; but then it puzzles me

to imagine where you will seek them. I am afraid, Mr. Satirist, that you are one of those, who have taken up the idea of the progressive degeneracy of the world; and all these vices and follies you talk of, are only the visions of your imagination.

In the political, moral, or literary world, what is there to excite your ridicule or indignation? When did there ever exist more patriotism or public virtue? I cannot imagine why the changes have been rung so long upon *All the Talents*; even I am almost weary of this. They told us, with all the noble confidence that conscious worth inspires, that they possessed all the talents, wealth, and consequence of the country: if gentlemen's words are not to be taken for such trifles as these, all the mutual confidence, the refined intercourse of polished society must soon be at an end. If they did nothing, are we to conclude that they could not if they had pleased? and as to the economy which they promised, did they not very prudently secure in their own pockets, no doubt for the most *patriotic* purposes, the money which other ministers of less *talents* would have foolishly squandered upon the public service?

Look into private life; when was there ever more liberality of sentiment, or greater refinement of manners? Every day destroys some ridiculous antiquated prejudice; and the mist, that obscured the light of nature and of reason, is dispelling hourly. Religion and morality begin now to be properly understood; and are discovered to be very different things to what our ignorant ancestors believed them. At the same time, our ideas of honour and chastity are better defined, and have assumed a more agreeable appearance. A wife is no longer like an estate in tail, which the possessor cannot dispose of, but is as transferable as any other personal chattel; and an action

for *crim. con.* is the established mode of ascertaining her value.

Of the state of literature in general I have spoken already: and I can see no reason why the dramatic writers of our times should fall under your castigation. If few of our modern comedies make us laugh, I attribute it to the politeness and philanthropy of those who write them. Laughing is beneath the dignity of man; Lord Chesterfield "has set his canon against" it as boorish; and these comedy-making gentlemen have very probably found in Tasso, I mean since Mr. Hoole translated him, that a man, if touched in the laughing vein, may laugh himself to death. Now this would be carrying a joke too far, and they avoid the risk of it, by banishing wit and humour from the stage. It must be confessed, however, that the authors of some abortive tragedies, which have been brought forth, have not been so considerate, for they have made us laugh immoderately: but then they never harrowed us with terror, nor convulsed us with sympathy, which might have produced, perhaps, more painful sensations.

In short, Mr. Satirist, I can perceive no object on which your lash can be applied with justice: to me, wherever I turn my eyes, every thing wears a smiling and fascinating appearance: and I hope to convince you, in the course of my correspondence, that there never existed a state of society more virtuous, or *less capable of improvement*, than the present.

C.

Oxford, Dec. 10, 1807.

A CHARACTER.

No. IV.

——— "Lingua melior, sed frigida bello
Dextera."

Lo! when St. Stephen's dome the field affords,
How full and furious swells the war of words;
There the bold chief his fancied bands arrays,
With fancy's eye the tented plain surveys,
Bids his ideal troops the foe engage,
And shows the storm of battle where to rage.
Himself a stranger to the fields of fame,
Hails with exulting voice the veteran's name;
Points with indignant irony to those
Who, fired with British zeal 'gainst Britain's foes,
Croud from the desk, the loom, the farm, the fold,
Of Albion's rights the guardians free and bold.
Tongue-valiant chief, whose thoughts the foe disdain,
When parted only by the Atlantic main.
But ALL THE TALENTS take him at his word,
To high command the boaster is preferred;
While many a warlike chief, who firm has stood
In Britain's cause, 'mid toil, and flame, and blood,
Beholds, with all an injured soldier's pride,
Superior rank and service thrown aside;
Compell'd to one, the war's command to yield,
"Who never set a squadron in the field,
"Or the division of a battle knew,"
Save in the glorious toils of a review.
Now see him wafted from Thames' tranquil shores,
To where the current sea-broad Plata pours:
Say, Muse, what triumphs gild this hero's sun,
What troops are vanquish'd, and what cities won?

Has the undaunted mind, whose piercing jeers
Derided *B—h* and all his volunteers;
Who view'd with turn'd up nose, and haughty look,
The labours of a beef and pudding cook?
Adores the dainties of a Spanish board,
And yields to General *Podrida* his sword?

THE ARTS.

No. III.

"Exact—their own defects to scan."

HAVING stated our belief that the surest and best means of promoting British art, was to reward handsomely, or at least adequately, the highest degrees of merit that are manifested in its several branches; and having declared our opinion,* that all the public societies for the encouragement of arts and artists, though well intended by those who have instituted, and those who continue to support them, were *in this respect* faulty, we shall proceed to maintain these assertions, beginning with that institution which *is called* the Royal *Academy*.

It may be thought bold, but we venture to inform the public, that there exists no establishment in this country that can properly be called an Academy of arts. We do indeed occasionally see the letters R. A., and hear the words Royal Academy, but they are mere *words* and *letters*; and though we acknowledge the existence of a sort of mis-shapen *club*, which is alternately wielded by contending parties, and on which these words are very prettily painted, there is in reality no such *thing* in England as an AGADEMY OF ARTS. To all the highest and best

* In our first number, p. 46.

purposes of a British academy, our present national establishment has been found totally inefficient. It exhibits "the trappings and the suits" of the Muses and the Graces, but has not "that within which passeth *show*." It is the scabbard without the sword. It is the mere exterior, the speckled egg-shell, of art, of which the substance and vital principle was blown away by its boyish legislators, in wanton ignorance.

The period of the institution of this miscalled academy, was the spring-season of British art, to which no genial summer has succeeded. The four to whose care was confided the important task of forming an academy, *talked* of legislating for the fine arts, but they really did no more than hang up the festooned trophy which still remains, of their triumphs over Nature.

A public lecturer, with whose observations on the point before us we perfectly coincide, says, "that an academy differs from, and is superior to, an ordinary school, in respect that it is less a place to instruct novices in what is known and practised, and more a place for men of distinguished abilities to confer in, and communicate their lights and discoveries to each other, for their mutual benefit, and the general advancement of art."* In another part of his book, Mr. Landseer observes, that a drawing-school is not an academy of arts, though it be a very proper appendage to one; but that a national academy is a public establishment for the discussion of *principles*—a parliament of art.

Unless, therefore, a public taste be formed, or, being formed, is gradually raised and refined, by the natural operation of such an establishment: unless principle in art be ascertained and promulgated; unless the highest

* See Lectures on Engraving, delivered at the Royal Institution, pp. 333, 334.

aims of the superior artists of the country, be promoted; unless the regions of ideal felicity are explored; unless we gradually repossess and cultivate the *Paradise* of Arts, how can it with any propriety be allowed that an Academy exists in England?

Now, from the very commencement of the existence of the Somerset-house society, the elements of success have been set at variance. Of the recipe that was prescribed upon that occasion, the ingredients were without affinity, and subsequent trituration has not incorporated them.

In the then state of the public taste, we deem the sanction of the Royal patronage, and the obtainment of *such public encouragement as could then be called forth*, CONSTITUTIONAL requisites of such an establishment as was then intended; but, from that time to the present, we have been doomed to observe (we state it "more in pity than in anger"), that counteraction has subsisted, where conjunction and co-operation were most desirable; and that—strangely perverse as it may seem—the academic laws in effect urge the patron and the public to thwart each other in a purpose they both desire; for the royal patron is without power, or at the most can only exercise an ungracious denying power, while the *patronised* have not (so *provident* have been its legislators) even the free enjoyment of the fair produce of their own exhibitions.

At a time when the studies of historic and poetic painters are so seldom remunerated from the purses of individuals, and in a country where they derive no rewards at all from the wise solicitude of the government for the public welfare: at such a time, the artists of *this* society are not allowed to receive—or if to receive, not to retain, the little encouragement that is once a year afforded them by the public. The opulent will not purchase, or will rarely purchase, modern pictures and statues, but the public at large will pay a trifle for a transient annual gaze at

such performances; and even of these trifles the artists are dispossessed by an act of folly, which the subsequent wisdom of the society has not yet corrected.

Now an academy of arts, not being a thing of an hour, instituted for the mere present entertainment of the present company, the legislators of that in question should not only have looked steadily at what was present, but should also have looked into futurity, and seeing "which grain *would* grow, and which *would not*," should not have trusted to nobility and opulence for that *early* encouragement to painting, which was destined to arise from British superiority (as long as such superiority could be maintained) in the art of engraving, and from the money received for admission to their annual exhibitions. The smallest reflection might have suggested, and the smallest exertion of common sense might have secured for the members of the institution, the revenues which both these sources would have amply yielded, but like the fabled dog in the water, they let go the *mutton* for a shadow.

Meanwhile, the dead painters are perpetuating their triumphs over the living, by monopolizing through their agents the talents of the best engravers of the country;* and the good sense of the society of painters in water-colours, by dividing their annual receipts, and from the natural operation of principles, which we shall more fully explain at another time, bids much fairer than that at Somerset-house to become an *academy* of arts.

E. B.

(*We shall pursue this theme in our future numbers.*)

* See the two works now publishing in this metropolis, after the old masters.

SECOND LETTER OF FLAGELANTUS.

SIR,

THE "Edinburgh," and some other of the "reviews," appear to me to have taken up the poems of Mr. MOORE with too vehement and ungoverned a hand. It is, perhaps, among the many errors of judgment in official criticism, *one* of the *most* injudicious, to treat with *unqualified* rigour and asperity those performances which discover great powers of mind, led astray more by the exuberance of fancy, the impulses of youth, and the ardour of passion acted upon by these, than by depravity of principle. If, in such productions, there are mingled, though sparingly, worthy sentiments on irreproachable subjects, that display a capacity for works of a *higher order and purer tendency*, there is a well-founded hope the fruit may be fairer than the blossom. In all such instances, the mental gardener, if you will allow me to close the remark by a figure, would act a wiser and a better part to use the pruning-knife rather than the hatchet; and though he would but ill perform his duty, if he did not separate the weeds from the flowers, yet it would be equally absurd to tear them both up together, however near they might be placed to one another in the same border. While he removes the one, he should nourish the other. It sometimes happens, that the same natural luxuriance of soil produces both; but at once to cut up the whole, root and branch, as if it were a barren, impracticable spot, would argue the extreme of folly. The parable corresponds with the metaphor, Sir, in all its parts; but with this aggravation of error in the ill-judging critic, who, by not attempering due animadversion on the exceptionable by approval of what is good, and by which that *good might be reformed to the best*, does a real injury

to the cause it is his bounden duty to defend. And if by bitter and unsparing severity, talents of the order I have described are deterred from further exertion, which frequently happens, as rage and tyranny are the worst reformers, the author of such comments is to be considered as a public offender; for virtue loses a friend. Many are the examples on record in proof that her avowed enemies have become her most ardent advocates; but their reformation has generally been wrought by the lenitives, rather than the corrosives of moral discipline. The writer who has given birth to these reflections, affords many instances of a feeling heart run away with by a glowing, and, in some respects, wanton imagination; but in his last published volume there are to be found many pieces that the most rigid censor might peruse with delight. It contains internal evidence of his ability to produce a work no less estimable for its brilliance than its moral excellence; and one such author allured into the path of rectitude, is capable of doing more good, and of giving more sanctioned pleasure to society, than a legion of those dunces, whose dulness some of these critical gentlemen cry up as the Mentors and Nestors of the age. It is in this belief I address the following stanzas

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Dear Tom, so like to one another,
So well in all things you agree,
Of Cupid you are sure twin brother:
Just such a darling rogue as he.

Just such another fickle boy,
Wild, whimmy, and unsteady;
Brimful of waggery and joy,
For mirth or mischief ready.

Like him you hurl your darts and fires,
Yet gentler seem than Venus' turtles;
Look, sing, and play what he inspires,
Embow'red in laurel, rose, and myrtles.

Like him, too, you are often naught,
Restless by day, by night alarming;
With all that urchin's fancies fraught,
Yet whip ye both, ye both are charming.

Then, as for what the critics say,
Against your frolic and your fun;
You know the vigour of his ray
Draws maggots from the pregnant sun.

Poor crawling things! a myriad train,
At once may batten in your beam;
And while *they* prosper on your strain,
Themselves are scarcely heard or seen.

But, were like Seneca's your page,
A *code of morals* in each sheet;
Still would the critic-reptiles rage,
And eat, and scold—and scold, and eat.

Yet as your Muse, though blithe and gay,
Has sometimes kiss'd the shrine of TRUTH;
O let her, in each future lay,
CHASTEN, not *chill*, the glow of youth.

What though you can sweet chaplets bring
From Harmony's delicious store,
And woo the Muses at their spring,
Till all the Nine confess your power:

Your Mira, Mary, Nea, Nancy,
Are but the playthings of an hour;
Form'd in the haram of your fancy,
Dulcineas of a fairy bower.

And though you are a peerless knight,
Lord of a little burning zone;
Ne'er will you taste of true delight
Till VIRTUE shares with WIT the throne.

Believe me, Virtue's sacred lyre
Can touch the tenderest, noblest strain;
But Wit's incendiary fire
Soon blazes off, and leaves a stain.

Ah! then to her your vows impart,
And taste the charm their love bestows;
Give and receive the bliss of heart,
Which vagrant Passion never knows.

So VENUS shall with PALLAS join
Graces and virtues round you throng;
The purest, richest wreath shall twine,
And all be proud to aid your song.

FLAGELANTUS.

TOUR IN WALES.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR,

IT is so common to hear complaints of the great inundation which the press has lately suffered of tours and travels, and most especially of tours over Wales, that I should not venture to offer the inclosed paper to your notice, if they did not appear to be as novel in their style as they certainly are hackneyed in regard to their subject. They contain no sickly affectation of sentiment, nor far-fetched observations on national characters, nor romantic descriptions of picturesque scenery, but a correct statement of facts that actually occurred, and remarks thereby very naturally suggested. It would be superfluous to par-

ticularize the manner in which they came into my hands: legitimately, Mr. Editor, I assure you, and with full liberty to make them public. The only omission I have hazarded, is that of such oaths as appeared to add little or nothing to the elucidation of the subject: the only alteration is in the spelling, which was calculated exclusively for the higher fashionable circles, and has not yet been introduced among literary men, or the middling ranks, by whom it might be called incorrect. *Creature* is therefore always substituted for *cretur*, *horse* for *orse*, *ostler* for *orsler* and *horsler*, &c. &c. which liberty, I hope, the *noble author* will forgive me for taking. I have also put capital letters to all the proper names, and small ones to indifferent words, particularly prepositions, conjunctions, articles, &c. when not placed at the beginning of a sentence.

I am, Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

C. M. T.

LETTERS FROM LORD —— TO HIS FRIEND AT OXFORD.

DEAR TOM, *Cardiff, July* 26, 1807.

You wanted to know how we liked our tour in Wales, and particularly the voyage down the Wye, and some other things, which I will speak of when I come to them, all in their turns. As to the *beautiful* Wye, as they call it, I suppose the name comes from this—*Why* is it called *beautiful?* It is not much broader than our Isis, and the banks rise so high all about it, and are so thick with wood (good pheasant shooting, by the bye, I suppose), that you can't see an inch of the country. At Ross they told us a vast deal of a famous *good* man (a saint, I suppose), and wanted us to get out, and see his monument in the church; but he was only a tinker, or something—so as we wanted to make play, and had no time to lose, we sat fast in the

boat. Perhaps you may know something of him, as you are so fond of the poets. The parson (a brother of the tutor at ——) seemed to think it odd, our not getting out to see the old man's tombstone. Says he (very consequentially), "it is Pope's immortal man of Ross."—"D— the pope," thought I to myself; but I only wished the parson good morning.

Well, Sir, on we brushed down this *beautiful* river, and heartily tired of it we got; but we had plenty of good prog and wine aboard, so we got on merrily, somehow or another. Those idle dogs, the boatmen, wanted us to get out, and give them a rest, while we looked over a pretty church, Tinter, or Tinder,* or some such name, I think it was; and it did seem a nice church. But, Lord! one sees nice churches every day, and it looked just as well from the water; so we went on to Chepstow; and I could not sleep very well, because I eat and drank a little too freely, perhaps, at least I think that must be the reason. But, however that may be, I was disturbed in the night, and found the accommodations *in that line* very bad indeed. Dick —— complained too, who, I find, a very pleasant companion as any in England, I'll assure you; so full of his jokes, and always a laughing and talking of one thing or other. Chepstow Castle is a large old place, and so is this here at Cardiff; but, Lord! one castle is so like another, and its d—d hard climbing up the old broken steps in the round towers, let me tell you—and all for what? and our time being so short, for we must be in Yorkshire for the grouse's sake, on the 12th of August, so we've resolved to lose no more of it in visiting old castles.

This is about the longest letter I've ever *wrote;* and I can't, for my soul, think why you wished me to send you so many particulars about this outlandish spot of earth.

* Possibly Tyntern Abbey is here alluded to.

But, however, I will write as you wished it. So no more at present from

——— ———.

DEAR TOM, *Caermarthen, July* 31, 1807.

You must think me a strange sort of fellow, to write you such a long letter as I did t'other day, boring you with long stories of rivers and castles, and the Lord knows what, and never once mentioned our style of travelling, which is half the story after all. I've been thinking on't ever since. But have a little patience, old boy, and I'll give you the whole set-out. And I'm glad you asked me to write, for it helps to pass away the time. Dick —— certainly is a very pleasant fellow; but then, you know, being always with the same person, makes the afternoons seem longish. But the mornings is what I was talking of, and, you know, how fine they have been. Well, Sir, after finishing a good hearty egg and meat breakfast, we are off about one, and how do you think we go about it? Perhaps you fancy we box ourselves up in a rattling postchaise, or ride some of the little scrambling Welsh ponies, or steal through the hedges in a buggy. Eh! now do me a favour—throw this letter down, and don't take it up again till you have guessed five minutes how we go. Why, then, to make a short story of it, I've brought down my own yellow barouche, and my four blood-like bays! That's your sort!—So Dick and I take the box, and I the reins—our two valet de chambres sit in the well behind us, while the two grooms ride our hacknies, which we sometimes condescend to mount for a change. And thus we go spanking up and down the hills, astonishing the natives, and playing the devil and all. So now as you know what sort of figure we make, you will be more at home like, when you come to read of our journey, and all that we see in this strange country, and if we meet with

any thing very uncommon, you may be sure I'll tell you; but as yet there has not been much to amuse you. So I must conclude at present (being bed time).

Your, &c, &c.

P. S. One thing I must tell you, for it made us laugh fit to kill ourselves two whole days. You must know, the women go barefoot, and wear stockings that reach just down to the ancle, and no lower; but the strangest part of all is, that these stockings are fastened round their great toes by a long thread. They walk over the roads, and make nothing of it, though all rough and stony.

DEAR TOM, *Cardigan, Aug.* 4, 1807.

I have such sad news for you, as will almost break your heart to hear. I told you how bad the roads are—so the d—d fool of an ostler and my thick-headed groom never telling me that Captain had a loose shoe, I drives them all along at such a hell of a rate, that he's gone dead lame. So I'm not in much of a humour for entering on the beauties of this *fine country*, since you will have it so: though, for my own part, if I was to die this minute, I can't say I think it a fine country—quite the reverse. What is a fine country, I should be glad to know? that is to say, for travelling. Why, a fine even bowling-green road, sixteen miles long, with one gentle hill to rise, and one to fall, so as you may drive a light barouche, like mine, all the way in an hour and five minutes at a long trot, and bring your four in hand in at the end all over in a fine creamy foam, but neither blown nor bruised. That's my notion; it may be wrong, but I defy any man to give me a better; for as to your *beautiful surrounding scenery* (which is all cant, for one scenery's like another when you're once used to them), do you think any but a d—d fool would take his eyes off his horses to stare and g[illegible]

about the country? Why it stands to sense it can't be. Well, then, my honest opinion, if you will have it, is, that this here Wales is all wrong in every essential particular. The roads are steep and hollowed out; and, you must know, I thought they were paved with artificial stones at first, but I soon found it was all natural solid rock: so that the upshot of all is, that Captain is lamed, as I mentioned; and moreover and above, the barouche, which is true London built, and fittest for London streets and the park, has got a most confounded shake, which, I doubt, it will hardly recover, though I have doctored it to the best of my abilities. Then again, at most places, the stabling is infernal, and the water so hard, that it scours the poor *tits* like a dose of julep.

The post's a going out, so I must close my catalogue of grievances with advising you never to venture your carcase into Wales. Yours, &c. &c.

DEAR TOM, *Machynlleth, Aug. the 6th.*

Is not it hard, when a man travels so far for a little pleasure and recreation, that he should have all his sport spoiled by a d—d, impudent, low-lived—but I'll tell you my story all in order, just as it was, and you shall judge for yourself. You see, every body bored and bothered us so with their *beautiful* and *picturesque*, and such nonsense, and said we might as well have staid at home as not to see the Devil's Bridge, because it is so extraordinary, we were over-persuaded, and determined to go; and a curious place, no doubt, it is, and you will find a very good account of it in the book of roads, as I will shew you some afternoon—but that's neither here nor there.—Only the road was so bad, being in reality no road at all, over the moors and marshes, that we could not take the barouche, but were to ride a horseback, and the two servants were to drive the barouche to Aberystwith, and then

bring it on to meet us here, we riding all the way. But finding the inn at the Devil's Bridge rather solitary, and Dick happening to hear that Aberystwith was a sea-port, and luckily taking it into his head that bathing would do his stomach good, we start off on a sudden for Aberystwith, and come into the inn at nine o'clock at night. What should we find there but our two rascals sitting in a fine parlour with wax lights, and all grand, bottle of wine and fruit before them, aping their two masters, and calling one another Lord —— and Richard ——, Esquire. At first I could have laughed at their d—d impudence; but when we found that they had made such an impression on the landlord and all the waiters, that they would persist in believing that those two scoundrels were our masters and we their servants, this was carrying the joke a little too far, and we resolved to resort to legal means to establish our rights. And so the lawyer told us to prosecute by all means; and we went before a justice and got a warrant, and apprehended them; and we were to come to the sessions to give our witness against them. But as the time was precious, and they would not try them at once, and dismiss us all as we wished, and the laugh, somehow or other, set in desperately against us, we thought it best to make off, and bring the two puppies with us here, and see whether they won't punish them immediately, without any further trial than what we can swear against them, this being North Wales. I'll let you know how it turns out to-morrow. Your, &c. &c.

DEAR TOM, *Machynlleth, Aug. 7.*

It's all blown over, and we have agreed to forget and forgive. My man has made a proper apology, and promised never to look more like a gentleman than his master again. He really seems a true penitent, and thinks the mistake arose (for he declares upon his honour it was all a

mistake, and they had no intention to deceive) from his wearing powder, and our being crops; for these Welsh savages can't be supposed to know much of the fashions in town. As to Dick's man, Upton, he carried it off like a sneering rascal to the last moment; and if there was not a good deal of wages due, I am sure his master would not suffer it. But that's his look out. Yours truly.

P. S. Dick is cursedly mad at my telling you of this affair, because, he says, it will make such a story against us at college; but, for my part, I see nothing to laugh at in it. But you may as well say as little about it as you can help, as it seems to hurt him.

DEAR TOM, *Caernarvon, Aug.* 10, 1807.

That unlucky accident kept us so long, that we can't be in Yorkshire in time for our friends the grouse, at least not for the first day or two, particularly as most of my sweet creatures have got a little lameness, more or less, unless we leave them all with our servants at Chester to be cured, and travel night and day in chaises to —— Moor, which we think of. Only, having nothing to do here, and being in a very comfortable hotel (the best inn I have seen in this country), I write to you, old boy, because you were so very anxious to hear about the mountain of Snowdon. A wretcheder barren hill you never set eyes on, but we did intend to go to the top and see Ireland; but the public-house at the bottom, where we must have dined and slept, was so small and bad, that we plucked up our resolution, and crept on here the same evening, which we have rejoiced at ever since. Dick's spirits flag very much in this miserable poor country. I often wish you had been with us, though we do quiz you for a reading *muz;* for somehow you contrive to make a greater variety in conversation. But that was an unfriendly wish;

for of all the d—d countries I ever saw this is the worst: and as I never left Old England before, I never will again; and as I have now some experience in travelling, I offer you the same advice: being ever, dear Tom, your, &c.

TOMMY DALMAHOY.

A MIGHTY PATHETIC TALE, FOUNDED ON FACTS; AND WRITTEN IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE OF MODERN POETRY.

There liv'd within the Isle of Man,
In comfort, in content, and joy;
Where all live happy (if they can),
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.

One little son, four years ago,
Blessed this fond pair (as we are told);
So Tommy Dalmahoy, you know,
We may imagine four years old:

When from his maid he chanced to stray,
(Who cried, "Come back, you naughty boy");
But, ah! the soot-king stole away
Poor little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Now Dolly did not dare go home,
So having run about all *day*,
Still vainly seeking little Tom,
At *night* she wisely—ran away.

That night poor Mistress Dalmahoy
All restless lay, no sleep had she,
For thinking of her little boy,
And of her servant, Dolly Dee.

Next day (as vain was every plan
These anxious parents could employ),
Resolv'd to quit the Isle of Man,
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.

"You know," said she, "my cousin Brown,
A widow lives at Pentonville;
Let us go live at Somers-town:"
Said Dalmahoy, "My love, we will."

They gain'd the land by easy sail,
Of time they would not risk the loss;
So took two places in the mail,
Which brought them safe to Charing Cross.

Now be it known, that Dolly Dee,
The very day she came to town,
As lucky as a girl could be,
Engag'd herself to Mistress Brown.

This lady seldom was provoked,
(And thus her health and temper kept),
But when her parlour chimney smoked,
And then—she vow'd it should be swept.

This was the case one winter's day,
The little freezing sweep appears;
His hands for mercy seem to pray,
His eyes distilling *jetty* tears.

The maid exclaim'd—"Ah! can it be!"
He clasp'd her neck with eager joy;
And many kisses Dolly Dee
Gave little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Quite angry enter'd Mrs. Brown,
Who vow'd the maid should lose her place;
She from her chamber coming down,
Saw Dolly and the sweep embrace.

Of virtue, prudence, moral laws,
She prattled till her tongue was weak:
The maid did not reply—because
Her heart was full—she could not speak.

At length she ceased, and in a chair
Exhausted sank in silent grief:
The maid then told the whole affair,
And gave her careful mind relief.

She cried (still trembling from her fright),
"I see, dear Dolly, I've been wrong;
But as you knew that you were right,
Why did you let me scold so long."

A thoughtful head had Mistress Brown,
And form'd her plans with prudent skill;
So sent a note to Somers-town,
(Five minutes walk from Pentonville.)

"To night, to take a cup of tea,
And then at cards an hour employ;
Will Mistress Brown be glad to see
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy."

Now by the time that DollyDee
Had wash'd and comb'd poor little Tom;
A note, as short as note could be,
Arrived, to say, "they both would come."
* * * * * * *

Now tarts and sandwiches appear'd,
But what they were I must conceal;
Because I have not truly heard
If they were ham, or beef, or veal.

A dish was placed at either end,
And in the middle stood between,
(Nor guessed they what it might portend)
A wide and monstrous soup-tureen.

The guests in wild amazement gazed,
But soon their wonder turn'd to joy;
When Mrs. Brown the cover rais'd,
Upstarted—Tommy Dalmahoy.*

His father stared, his mother shriek'd,
And from her seat she, tumbling down,
In strong hysterics laugh'd and squeak'd,
Which quite alarm'd poor Mistress Brown.

The fit was o'er, she wiped her eyes,
Tom jumping out soon found a chair;
Cried Mistress Brown, "to supper rise,
"And I'll relate the whole affair."

The guests now each, with face serene,
The sandwiches began to munch;
And Dolly mov'd the soup-tureen,
And brought instead a bowl of punch.

They eat and drank with much delight
Till twelve o'clock, so great their joy;
And then, said Mistress Brown, "Good night,
Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy."

S. R. S.

MR. SATIRIST,

I WOULD call your attention to a certain public library in the vicinity of St. James's, where the directors appear to pay less attention to the selection of valuable publications than to PRICE, otherwise we should not be surfeited with the effusions of democracy and discontent, instead of being benefited by the labours of the learned, and amused by the sallies of the witty.

Is it not abominable, that a society instituted for the purposes of literary recreation, should be converted into a

* This is not an entire new idea; Mrs. Brown, most probably, caught it from the anecdote related in the Satirist, No, I. p. 62.

rendezvous for the seditious. Yet such, Mr. Satirist, is the case; and to such an height is the levelling system carried, that a person who is nothing but the *servant* of the institution, has the impudence to arrogate to himself the chief direction. This man is in the constant habit of seating himself before the fire, which is destined solely for the use of subscribers, and disgusting the company with language that would even disgrace the pestiferous mouth of John Horne Tooke. Such conduct merits the severest animadversion of the SATIRIST, and I sincerely hope you will not permit it to pass unnoticed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Jermyn-street, *A Subscriber to the* LIBRARY.
Dec. 17, 1807.

POLITICS.

WHILE the advocates a of disappointed and degraded faction are impiously striving to convulse the British empire with the direst apprehensions; while they are traitorously endeavouring to inspire the world with sentiments derogatory to the honour, and adverse to the interests, of their country, be it our task to expose their infamous designs, to contravert their gloomy and diabolical assertions, and to convince our fellow-subjects that nothing is required but firmness and unanimity to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are engaged, and to bring it to an happy and glorious termination.

An opposition newspaper has compared the British nation to a grand mercantile company, trading for the mutual advantage of all the parties concerned. Now admitting the comparison to be just; and also, for the sake of argument, that the present ministers, being members of this mercantile body, had by mismanagement and miscon-

duct embarrassed the concern, we would ask this *sapient* and *patriotic* writer, if he would not deem that partner a fool and a knave, who, to gratify a paltry spirit of revenge, published an exaggerated account of such misconduct, and consequent embarrassment, and thus incited all those who were jealous of the company's prosperity and power, to unite in the endeavour to reduce it to bankruptcy and ruin? Yet such, but more aggravated, is the conduct which this tr—r, and his vile coadjutors, have steadily pursued. The enemy of his country must be a TRAITOR! And are they not the enemies of their country, who brand her with the most opprobrious epithets? who accuse her of robbery, cruelty, and injustice? who strive with impious energy to fan the embers of discontent at home, and strain every nerve to add fuel to the flame which her arch foe has kindled against her on the continent?

Denmark has been told, that she was wantonly assailed, and barbarously plundered. America has been persuaded, that her neutral rights were unjustly restricted, her merchants oppressed, her flag insulted; and encouraged to declare war against us by an exaggerated representation of the injury she may do our commerce; to excite the jealousy of Portugal, and facilitate the designs of Buonaparte against that devoted kingdom, she has been informed, that she was deceived and neglected by the British government; and the whole world has been taught to believe, by the journalists of an abandoned faction, that England is in the lowest state of despondency, without wisdom in her councils, without confidence in her rulers, her commerce annihilated, and her manufacturers starving.

It is sufficiently manifest, that those men who, to regain their former power, cherish and abet these pestiferous enemies of their country, must be themselves utterly destitute of every genuine patriotic feeling, and wholly influenced

by the selfish motives of sordid interest and inordinate ambition. Have we not, therefore, just cause to congratulate the nation that they were so speedily driven from the helm of government?

Before our next number appears Parliament will have met; then shall we behold these sturdy opposers of their country's interests with slander in their mouths, and rancour in their hearts, railing at the wise and vigorous measures which have been, happily for the British empire, adopted by their successors. Measures which, had they been planned by a Grey, a Grenville, or a Windham, would have been extolled as the most glorious examples of political sagacity; but their subtile designs and fallacious oratory will no longer delude; the nation will clearly discover that their resentment and lamentations proceed not from a conviction that the policy of ministers is ruinous, not from the dangers which threaten their native land, but from disappointed ambition, and remembrance of the *golden* dignities which have been, most fortunately, wrested from their grasp. If the salvation of their country were the object of these outrageous Englishmen, they would, in the present hour of peril, discard all selfish considerations, and cordially unite with ministers in the endeavour to effect it: but, alas! they are only anxious to secure the fruit, and heed not the safety of the tree; forgetting that if the stem should perish the branches will cease to blossom. Long may the guardian genius of Britain prevent them from either seizing the fruit, or injuring the tree!

Hitherto England has rather lamented the sufferings of outraged Europe than trembled for herself. Now she beholds nations in whose defence she has expended her treasure and her blood, uniting with their oppressor to destroy her. She feels that her sacrifices must be severe, but she looks with confidence to the sturdy patriotism of

her loyal sons for ultimate deliverance. She knows what she has to expect from submission to a barbarous and exasperated enemy, and what from a manly defence of those liberties and rights which it is at once her glory to possess and to maintain.

A very transient view of the various events which have astonished Europe since the commencement of the French revolution, must satisfy us that nothing less than absolute ruin has been the invariable doom of every state, which, by an infatuation not to be accounted for, has been induced to identify its interests with the French. Some of them indeed have been unavoidably precipitated into the vortex; but whether led by inclination, or driven by necessity, the same fatality has attended all. The revolutionary tyrants of France have been indiscriminately deaf to the calls of justice and the cries of distress: and the *fraternal embrace* has conveyed its venom alike into the bosoms of friends and foes. Of all these successive monsters, however, not one has equalled the present in his grand characteristics of violence, treachery, and open contempt of every law human and divine. Far from having been, in any instance, mollified by submission, he appears to have exercised his iron rod most vigorously upon those who fawned upon and courted its chastisement. Of this we have a recent proof in his conduct towards the King of Prussia. The blandishments of that unhappy monarch were treated with disdain, and a continued system of aggression pursued in order to provoke his hostility; and the end having been obtained, he was speedily degraded into a passive instrument of the ambitious conqueror. It is impossible to conceive a more abject and miserable situation than that of the once powerful Frederick William. Reduced to a level with the upstart minions of his oppression, a witness to the calamities of his subjects, and deterred even from exercising his pre-

rogative in the punishment of the traitors who contributed to his destruction. To such accumulated sufferings expulsion from his dominions would have been comparative mercy. Exiled and a wanderer, he would at least have preserved the respect and commiseration of his country; but this negative extension of lenity would have been incompatible with the diabolical *genius* of his victor.

Notwithstanding this tremendous example, the *magnanimity* of Alexander has not been proof against the insidious promises of Buonaparte. He is, at this moment, treading the same steps which conducted his late unfortunate ally to destruction; and has already tasted the fruits of his folly and baseness. Like an elephant, tamed to servitude and bondage, he has been in good time sent abroad to decoy his unshackled brethren; and has *generously* invited the "*proud Islanders*" to participate in his slavery and degradation. But he has calculated with his master; and both will be deceived in the result. Alexander will be despised for having proved an unprofitable tool; and Napoleon will again be disappointed by the loyalty and patriotism which distinguish the British people amidst the wreck of surrounding dynasties.

A more enlightened policy directs the government of England, and rules in the minds of her inhabitants. Accustomed to think for themselves, Britons will never allow themselves to be guided by the imbecile counsels of deluded friends, nor scared by the menaces of exasperated enemies. Difficulties and dangers may for a time attend them in the honourable struggle, but a happy and glorious security will be the reward of their toils. The forced measure of shutting the whole of the continental ports against our trade, will, in the end, have the effect of bringing ruin upon the heads of those who have devised it, and been most instrumental in enforcing its execution. Buonaparte and his emissaries are not insensible to this dan-

ger; and accordingly we find them impatient under its operation, and trembling for the issue. Notwithstanding all that has been said by the partisans of opposition, who appear to have set as little bounds to their admiration of the enemies, as to their abuse of the real friends of their country, every reasonable man must foresee the result of that system of violence which has been resorted to, in order to compel our assent to the extravagant and ruinous proposals of the usurper. It is impossible to conceive that the whole of the continental powers will long persist in promoting an object, the attainment of which would only tend to aggrandize their tormentor. Neither is it to be expected that the people of England will, in order to remove a temporary inconvenience, consent to surrender that liberty which they have for ages been accustomed to venerate as their most valuable possession, and thus assist in the annihilation of their political existence.

The character, the conduct, and the interests of Buonaparte, all warn us of the fate which has already been prepared for us, in the event of the completion of those vast schemes which he has so long meditated against the British empire. It is not in Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, or Prussia, that we are to look for examples whereon to build our conceptions of his designs with regard to us. No! we might ransack every page of history, and select every recorded instance of tyranny and barbarity, and still be unable to form an adequate opinion of the savage intentions of the modern Nero, should he achieve this long-projected conquest. For the truth of this position, we need only direct our attention to his own sanguinary boasts, and to the promise which he has always held out to his troops of yielding up the whole nation to devastation and plunder.

We have not urged this last consideration from any

fears we may entertain that this general ruin will ever be deplored by posterity: on the contrary, we have too firm a reliance on the resources as well as on the virtue of our country to be in any degree moved by the pusillanimous *cant* of certain leaders of a faction, the existence of which, in times like the present, is one of our most grievous calamities. It behoves us to be on our guard against the disgraceful insinuations of those who would have us rely upon the forbearance of the enemy, rather than our own energies. It is to ourselves only that we must look for preservation, and least of all to the lenity of the French ruler. Buonaparte dispenses, with an unsparing hand, calamities and chains to his own subjects, but to his enemies—PERDITION.

We are far from thinking with Cobbett and other speculative writers, that England would be *benefited* by the annihilation of her foreign commerce, but we are convinced that the efforts of the Corsican tyrant to exclude her from all intercourse with Europe will only produce a very partial inconvenience, and affect her national prosperity much less than has been generally imagined. It is a fact which ought to be universally known, that little more than one-sixth of her national income is derived from foreign commerce; and if it were possible for Buonaparte to exclude her from every port in the four continents, Britain would still remain (in proportion to her size) the richest and most powerful nation upon the face of the globe: for she possesses within herself and her colonies all the necessary resources for maintaining this glorious superiority.*

* In our next we shall shew the nature and extent of the internal resources of Great Britain, and point out by what means she may avoid even the possibility of scarcity, both as it regards the subsistence of her inhabitants, and the supplies of her navy.

What would be the situation of her enemies? While our navy was sweeping their vessels from the surface of the ocean, and our brave tars enriching themselves and the country with the spoils of their labour, Europe, Asia, and America, would be doomed to suffer the most severe privations, and, like muzzled mammoths assailed by an infuriated lion, to rave and rage without the power of vengeance.

But a new world is now opened to the British merchant, created as it were by the very means which were destined to effect his ruin: what must be the chagrin and fury of Europe's tormentor at this, to him, most galling reflection! Our faithful ally, the Prince Regent of Portugal, nobly scorning to bend his neck to the yoke, has quitted his circumscribed and precarious European territory to establish an almost boundless empire on the continent of America. He who has so long been little better than the *tributary*, will now be the *terror*, of Spain, whose rich Peruvian possesions will tremble to their centre.

The advocates of faction and sedition, who *proved* "the *impossibility*" of this honourable and magnanimous emigration, and ridiculed "*the folly*" of all those who were of a different opinion, will doubtless, now the event has occurred, with equal warmth and wisdom, endeavour to persuade us that it can produce no ultimate benefit to Great Britain; but we doubt if they will find one Englishman, without the walls of Bedlam, who will become the proselyte of their sophistry.

The Prince Regent has proved his attachment to England; he has, he requires no other ally; and in return for the protection and assistance of her fleets, he will not hesitate to grant her, exclusively, the most extensive commercial advantages.

We cannot conclude this article without expressing

our unqualified approbation of the wisdom and secresy manifested by his majesty's ministers in promoting and effecting this desirable and felicitous event.

S. B.

THE HOST OF FACTION.

ARISE, satiric Muse! Lo! Faction's band
Again demands the labours of thine hand.
In conscious virtue bold—arise, advance,
And lash the loathsome hireling brood of France;
Through the foul ranks of venom'd hornets pierce,
And, in the galling pillory of verse,
Let each disgraceful countenance be view'd—
Which *should* adorn *a pillory of wood!*

Behold where purblind *Ignorance* is seen,
Known by his lengthen'd ears and bloated mien;
Full well his vacant brazen face declares,
For what he strives he neither knows nor cares!
In Error's cause, firm grounded as a rock,
Which Truth's most potent waves can never shock;
Nor wit, nor shame, nor satire can controul
The ebullitions of his darken'd soul.
His tongue, incessant, voluble, and rude;
His action, vulgar; and his visage, lewd:
'Tis his, with mean evasions, monkey smiles,
And all the eloquence of broad St. Giles,
With rapid trash to waste the precious day,—
And, ever foil'd, he still has more to say!

Close at his left, see *Prejudice* appear,
With half-averted eye, and baleful sneer;
Not much he speaks; but shrugs and nods impart
The rankling malice of his little heart!

Why should I sing of all who else appear'd,
Distinguish'd leaders of the swinish herd ?*
(For, like the swine, oft mark'd in tale and song,
'Twas their's to be for ever in the wrong !)
Rather, O Muse ! that wond'rous elf describe,
Who to the field led forth the lawless tribe;
Whose spirit seem'd to animate the whole;—
Their chief, their guide, their organ, and their soul!
Combining the cameleon with the ape,
She changed, with woud'rous ease, her hue or shape.
But most with *Candour's* name, and specious guise,
She sought to charm and cheat unwary eyes;
With smiles deceitful dress'd her hideous face,
And seem'd all frankness, truth, and winning grace:
But, as of old (so ancient legends tell),
When Satan sought St. Dunstan's humble cell;
The fiend, though deck'd in sanctified attire,
(The Muse presumes—the vestments of a friar ! !)
Soon of his demonship gave ample proof,
Clear as that never-failing sign—the hoof!
For which the pious Vulcan's heated tongs
Found full employment for his brazen lungs!
So, through the mask of *Candour*, oft was trac'd
The hoof, the character that marks the beast;
But now confess'd she stood a wrinkled hag,
And proudly bore aloft the sable flag;
That flag which she in Gallia erst unfurl'd,
And with amazement struck th' affrighted world!
A dun discoloured black composed the ground,
Where bibles, sceptres, altars, crowns, were found
Crackling in flames! whilst "*Reformation!*" stood,
And, pleas'd, display'd his visage—bath'd in blood!

* This, though declined, is not relinquished.

High perch'd upon a blind and restive mule
She sat; and vented lies and ridicule.
With declamation dull, and fustian rant,
And all the revolutionary cant;
So nicely calculated to enthrall
The politicians of the *last* and *awl*;
She sought th' attention of her horde to gain,
Nor were her time nor talents spent in vain.
Much she discours'd of *liberty* and *might*,
The *majesty of mobs*, the *people's right*,
The *insolence of pow'r*, the *rights of man*,—
Then, with a sweet *da capo*, re-began:
Whilst oft, to fill each intermediate pause,
Dull *Ignorance* unclos'd his leaden jaws;
And squinting *Prejudice*, with ghastly smile,
Display'd his overflowing spring of bile!
Whilst all the members of the ruffian throng,
With fury fir'd, join'd in one gen'ral song,
The burthen this—"WHATEVER IS, IS WRONG!"

London, Dec. 23, 1807. BRITANNICUS.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HAVING been accused of "unjust and merciless severity," in consequence of our review of Mr. Doherty's pamphlet,* we submit the following extract from a letter of *five sheets* of paper, written by that *gentleman* to Miss Ann Holmes (since Mrs. Doherty), and dated Fleet Prison, Wednesday, 10th of February, 1802.

"Now Ann, love, is it not rather unkind in Mr.

* Vide Satirist, No. III. page 310.

" Holmes to assure you that your letters will be handed
" about:—could you, for one second, think I should be
" guilty of shewing your letters? No, my Ann! for
" from this moment, I DECLARE TO GOD *that no person*
" *in existence shall ever see a line of one of your letters*
" *to me.*—No, no: my Ann will not now *listen to such*
" *unkindness!*"

We are confident that the public will be of opinion, that no castigation inflicted on a man who, notwithstanding the above most solemn protestation (confessedly instigated by mercenary motives) published the *private* and *confidential* correspondence of this unfortunate young, lady, can with propriety be termed " unjust and merciless."

We have heard that Mr. D. had sacrificed at the shrine of Hymen, previous to his union with Miss H. *Query*—Where are the remains of his first *dear dear* wife deposited?

EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO BARON EGO.

PRAY why lament thy sad condition?
Thou hast the seals yet—in commission:—
Courage! desponding weeper!
Altho' Lord C———r no more,
Thou hast a female friend in store,
Which proves thee still—Lord *Keeper*.

MR. FOX AND DR. LAURENCE.

IT is somewhat remarkable, that although Dr. Lawrence is universally allowed to be one of the ablest partizans of the present opposition, he never has been able

to command attention in the senate. On one occasion, when he was declaiming on a subject of considerable importance, with great force and perspicuity, it was observed, that Mr. Fox was more than commonly noisy: who, being asked why he took so much pains to drown the voice of his friend, impatiently cried; —"Pugh! pugh! make all the noise you can---nobody will attend to Lawrence!---his speech is excellent; and as they will listen to me, I mean to repeat every word of it." The Doctor concluded; Mr. Fox rose, and gave the whole of his speech, which was then listened to with the profondest attention.

EPIGRAMMATICAL DIALOGUE.

. . . . . Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Says Douce to the Laureat, I think you're an ass,
To begin throwing stones when your head is of glass!
Says the Laureat to Douce, *You* talk of a head?
When your brains are of cork, and your skull is of lead!

ON A CERTAIN BARRISTER WHO WAS LATELY ARRESTED.

When chubby in childhood, brisk, active, and able,
Dick play'd Cat and Mouse round his grandmother's table:---
Grown older, he lov'd to ride giddy in air,
In a whirligig car, at Bartholomew Fair:—
A Barrister, now, he still keeps up the whim!
He follows the Law, and the *Law follows him.*

J. S.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Life of George Morland, with Remarks on his Works, by G. Dawe, published by Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, 1807. One vol. octavo.

Mr. Dawe's is by far the most detailed, best authenticated, and best written account of Morland the painter, which has yet been published. It is treated in a plain, perspicuous, unaffected, and unambitious style, such as we should naturally expect from an artist not deeply versed in literature, who simply aims at communicating to others what he believes to be true on a professional topic. His opportunities of observing the subject of his memoirs were numerous, and his means considerable of collecting such information as the circle of Morland's intimate friends and associates could impart.

In our opinion Mr. Dawe has availed himself of both with very fair claims on the public attention. He has traced the progress of Morland, both as a man and a painter, from childhood to debility. As a man, from the trammels of mistaken parental solicitude, through the errors of inexperience, and the eccentricities of unrestrained passion, till passion was no more: as an artist, from the dawning to the bright noon of talent; and through the declining glimmerings of enfeebled intellect to the final obscurity of the grave.

With no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature, his biographer has shewn how the subsequent habits and character of Morland grew out of his previous education; and throughout his book has ably connected the peculiarities of his hero's motives and conduct with those of his varying situation in life. His reflection upon Morland's opportunities and modes of study, and his comments on the practical exertions of his talents as a painter, appear to us to be in general well founded, and such as it required an artist of some experience and observation to form and appreciate. We look at these parts of Mr. D.'s works with much pleasure; we always read the productions of an artist's pen, on a professional subject, with sentiments of candid indulgence; and we wish that due encouragement should be given to those professors of the fine arts, who, with Mr. D.'s impartiality and success, devote some portion of their time to the purpose of instructing the public on those points, on which we are ready to confess biographers of merely literary abilities are too often deficient.'

Of genius—if such a compound of extraordinary talent with thoughtless folly, as is displayed in the life of Morland, might be called by that sacred word—of youthful genius, misled by the mistaken notions of seclusion which presided over its education; gradually corrupted by early success, and by the flattering attentions of the ignorant and the idle; and, finally, debased by vice, our painter presents a mournful, but an useful, example. The three periods of "preparation, maturity, and declension," into which Mr. Dawe has divided his life, are distinguished with sufficient care, and marked with sufficient firmness; and his comparisons of Morland with the Dutch masters and with Gainsborough, we deem very valuable portions of his book, particularly to the votaries of that kind of art in which Morland excelled. In these, as well

as in some other parts of his work, the author writes in a style of dignified simplicity, which may be thought to bear some resemblance to that in which Dr. Johnson relates his Journey to Scotland and the Hebrides; and blends with it a considerable portion of the amenity and reflection with which Sir Joshua Reynolds has lectured on his art.

We subjoin a few sentences from Mr. Dawe's book, which we trust will be thought to confirm our opinion, and not prove unacceptable to the reader. In page 176, he says,

"Morland has described the manners and habits of the lower class of people in this country, in a style peculiarly his own. No painter so much as himself ever shared in the vulgarities of such society, Brouwer perhaps excepted, who in many points much resembled him," &c.

"To carry his picture to its full extent, a painter must possess much more knowledge than he employs; his mind must be variously and abundantly furnished, or his pencil will not give a rich and comprehensive representation of nature. If our artist fails in elegance both of design and execution, he must be allowed considerable merit both for truth and simplicity of character in the objects which he represents, and he is free from the affectation of refinement which he does not possess: his mind was a mirror, reflecting Nature as she presented herself to him," &c.—"From the works of Morland the philosopher may in part study the manners of humble life, and the citizen become acquainted with the sports of the field." Vide pp. 178, 179.

Towards the close of our painter's life, the narrative, which is rarely enlivened to genuine cheerfulness, becomes completely sombre and melancholy: yet notwithstanding the irregularities and the radical defects of his subject, the author succeeds in calling forth his reader's regret as well as surprise; and has produced a book which, we think, will prove interesting to connoisseurs, and practically useful to students, in painting: as the

Eolian harp causes even the roughest wind to yield some music; and often closes a tempest of irregular passion with a few soft tones of pity.

P. G. S.

Exodus, a Poem. By harles Hoyle, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In the course of our literary pursuits we have often had occasion to remark, that nothing is so favourable to the display and improvement of an author's genius as temperance of living. Almost all the celebrated writers of ancient and modern ages have been remarkable for their abstemiousness and sobriety. It cannot be supposed that a ballad-singer, like Homer, could drink from any other stream than that which flowed from the fountain of Castalia; the repasts of Virgil were composed of mallows and of olives; and Milton considers it as one of the most convincing proofs of his philosophy, that he was "sparing in his meals, and little addicted to debauch."

We cannot help ascribing, therefore, a great part of the insipidity and dulness of modern poets to the richness of their wines, and the number of their courses. We are afraid that little idea can be formed of the beauty and magnificence of nature from frittering the pinions of a woodcock, or contemplating the belly of a goose; and when we hear that Mr. Hayley is remarkable for the richness and variety of his sauces; that Mr. Holcroft is a professed admirer of turtle a-la-mode; that Mr. Matthias is a frequent visitor at Cambridge; and that Mr. Southey is a decided amateur in cooking; we can easily account for the dulness and insipidity of their performances. For the same reasons we conclude that "George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor," is sometimes willing to employ his "*hours of idleness*" in more solid enjoyments

than that of scribbling; and that Mr. Hoyle is a constant visitor at Trinity on a *feast* day. He tells us indeed (lib. i. v. 10), that he loves to wander in idea over "perpetual mountains," and to drink of the streams "of wisdom and of truth;" but with all due respect for his veracity, we are compelled to declare, that his verses shew him to be much fonder of luxuriating in venison and Madeira.

——"Oft such visions crowd
My slumbers, and such musings oft beguile
Nocturnal watchings, or awake my soul
Earlier than suns in summer, to renew
The blissful thought."—(i. 12.)

On these lines (by the bye) we must observe, that it is a pity Mr. Hoyle's *watchings* have been to so very little purpose!

It is some consolation to us, therefore, who are compelled to be severe from duty, rather than from inclination, to observe, that those on whom our censure must fall most heavily are the least likely to feel it. A man who lives on partridges, and drinks Champaigne, might be very happy, we should suppose, without such imaginary enjoyments as literary reputation. The savour of a goose is much more gratifying to us, at least (who are more frequently accustomed to *cut up*, than to eat one), than all the praises of contemporary critics; and we would not exchange the "*clank, clank, clank*," of the "*clinking cannikin*," for all the harmony of Cumberland, and all the *sublimity* of Hoyle.

Of the plot of "Exodus" we should have given our opinion, had we been able to understand it. It was probably intended to be simple, but its simplicity is like the simplicity of an idiot, perfectly unintelligible. In his imagery and his language he is a professed imitator of Milton; and he has contrived to do what all other imi-

tutors have done before him—he has copied all his inversions of style, his peculiarities of idiom, his harshness of diction, and his pedantry of epithet; without acquiring, or perhaps without attempting to acquire, his sublimity of thought, his splendor of imagery, his grandeur of expression, or his melody of numbers.

It is, however, peculiar to Mr. Hoyle, that his language should be always feeble where it ought to be sublime, and turgid where it is required to be simple. His account of Pharaoh's nod is awful and terrific; but the description of Heaven, in book the tenth, is so full of pleasantness, that we cannot help believing that Mr. Hoyle is willing to place it within the gates of *Trinity*. The language, with a little alteration, is very descriptive of the latter place. For instance,

——"Pleasant there the feast,
With port and claret irriguous; pleasant there
Miss *Mansell's*, with *esprit de rose* bedewed,
And pleasant, opposite the college gates,
Standeth the *Sun*, a high and pleasant dome,
Of gownmen's recreation."—(x. 40.)

Again:

"While yet the bell told three, ambrosial gales,
Sweet smell of goose, and roasted pheasant bore,
From kitchen, and behold an eager band,
Hundreds in gowns advancing, in whose host
The adopted sons of mathematic lore,
From the first tripos to the last, Higgs, Pollock,
Were all enroll'd. One only was not there,
Mansell, the pride of Cambridge, years before
By signal privilege, from fellows state
Appointed to be master. Tutors twain
Approaching," &c. &c.

We have already exceeded our limits, and shall only

present our readers with a *few* of the more striking beauties:

"*Godhead triune.*" (i. 25.)—"All night the pride of *Pharoah sleepless* FOAM'D. So time in *noiseless orbit wheeling round.* Of *sequestration*" &c. (viii. 1.)—"*Thus through obscure* NOCTURN," &c.—"POSTING *on mildew gales* (a pleasant way of travelling!) *to vex and* BAN," &c. (ix. 263.)—"The narrowest *region* UPRISES *from earth to heaven.*" (x. 1.)—"*Harps of Solyman invite me,*" &c. (i. 8.)—"CAVERNS *of Almighty* IRE. *Three days and nights* they spake not, *mov'd not,* HOP'D *not.* (Does Mr. Hoyle mean that they lived without hope, or without *hopping*) And all *the* VENGEANCES *of Boreas storm'd.*" (ix. 474.)—"*Sun bedazzling crest,*" &c.—"With outspread arms resistless 'gan *induce. Profound obscure* (i. e. began to induce, &c.) Blackness of darkness." (ix. 435.)—"I AM *commands thee,* I AM *delivered thee from* BONDAGE WOE." (iii. 20.) &c. &c. &c. &c.!

Such are his elegancies of language, and such his sublimity of thought! Many of his pages, however, are distinguished by an equable and barren uniformity of dulness; and had not our respect for the public overcome our weariness, we should have suffered the name of Hoyle to have enjoyed as undisturbed a repose, as that into which we have been lulled by his poetry.

> "*Souffrez qu'à son tour il repose*
> *Lui de qui les vers, et la prose*
> *Nous ont si souvent endormis.*"

We are not without hope, indeed, that the gentle correction we have given him may have a tendency to diminish the number of those stupid and miserable productions, which the vanity of authorship, and the officiousness of friends, are continually ushering into the world. It is not very difficult for a scribbler to please his friends, for his friends are generally as foolish and as stupid as himself. Mr. Hoyle, in particular, should have remem-

bered, that criticism is neither to be softened by private respectability, nor the authority of patronage; that something more than harshness of verse and obscurity of language is necessary in the composition of a poem which is designed "*to live for ever and for ever;*" (xii. 623) and that a man may write a Seatonian prize poem, and may make himself as ridiculous as Philpot, and Wrangham, and Cockburn, have made themselves before him, without possessing either the elegance of Virgil, or the sublimity of Milton.

Memoirs of Female Philosophers. In two vols. Colburn.

If this work had no other claim to notice than its absurdity, it would have been unworthy a place in the pages of the SATIRIST; but as the author or editor has puffed it off as deserving female attention for its morality and philosophy, we feel ourselves called on, as guardians of the public morals, to strip the lion's skin from the ass, although indeed his own braying would have speedily betrayed him.

From the title-page we were led to expect an amusing satire on the theory and practice of our own philosophical countrywomen, supposing it to be a counterpart of that elegant work on modern philosophers, by Miss Hamilton: how far our expectations were answered will be seen by the following short analysis.

In a short preface by the *editor* (for as it is a work *sui generis*, it appears not to have an *author*) we are told, that the idea was suggested by a production of Hume's, "The Four Philosophers;" consisting of an Epicurean, a Stoic, a Platonist, and a Sceptic. We have, therefore, four female counterparts: the first is represented by a Parisian Opera dancer, the second is an Italian *paintress*, the third a female politician, and the fourth, by a touch of

some magic wand (but whose we know not, for the editor is *no conjuror*), is metamorphosed into a kind of a—sort of a—*fantastica, enthusiastica illuminata*, of the German school of *pietists!!!*

The preface concludes by informing us *very gravely*, that the intricacies of metaphysical systems have been avoided, and that the opinions of the heroines are represented as being formed from their feelings, rather than from *deep reflection, and profound reasoning*. We presume the editor has been careful to regulate his own opinions also, without any reference to the latter, which are nothing but stumbling blocks in the way of a *modern philosopher*. In the introduction, by the help of a travelling map, the editor brings us to the town of Minturnæ, on the banks of Garigliano, between Naples and Rome; and here he happens *luckily* to be detained some days by a friendly torrent, which rendered the river impassable. He says,

"I was therefore compelled to remain for several days in the celebrated town of Minturnæ, near the Garigliano, at an inn, the cold and dirtiness of which, combined with the bad cheer, rendered almost insupportable."

But as to *who*, or *what* was insupportable, he does not choose to inform us; however, he was not obliged to bear all this insupportable business himself, being relieved from two-thirds of it by two obliging gentlemen.

"Two travellers likewise *shared* the same misfortune. One of them was a Russian prince, the other a French abbé."

Why *they* were brought in to share in the editor's misfortunes does not very clearly appear; as they merely order a fire to be kindled, get suffocated with the smoke, make a few remarks on the French and Italian stage, roar out an Italian arietta, and then set off again for Naples; thus

making room for the quartétto of female philosophers, who arrive in a hurry, and are shewn into an apartment next to that occupied by this *curious* gentleman. These apartments were only separated by a very imperfect partition, by which means we are favoured with their conversation, which was listened to by this *gentleman*, who heard it as plainly as if he had been in the same apartment. The first part of this overheard conversation was peculiarly *interesting*, as they ordered a sumptuous dinner, and some good wine; and one of the party proposed they should talk over their different sources of happiness. All this was acceded to; but one of the ladies, afraid of having too many good things at once, recommended that conversation should be postponed until after dinner, and also hinted the propriety of speaking *one at a time*. This Robinhood regulation being agreed to, to work they went, and a confounded long dinner it appeared to Mr. Editor. At length Signora Allegrina, the opera dancer, began her history. This light-heeled, if not light-headed, lady begins with a philosophical dissertation on the happiest moment of a man's life, which she defines to be that in which they first feel the force of love, and also when they first excite public admiration. She then gives us a lesson *à la Rousseau;* talks of love, reason, moderation, and good sense; and describes her own sources of happiness, to be a fine house, good table, excellent wine, plenty of lovers, an *English garden*, and a canary bird; enough, she thinks, to satisfy any reasonable woman. In the choice of her society she is not very nice, only shutting her doors against the *ill bred* and the *ugly*. As a specimen of her morality, she informs us,

"Every means of passing the time agreeably are allowed in my house, except those which, by *injuring morality*, might become dangerous, or those which are not within the reach of every one."

Dear charming saint! But she forgets to inform us what those pleasures are which are within the reach of every one. This very moral lady proceeds:

"I make not, however, the false and ridiculous pretensions of restricting love to the union of mind alone. Besides, why should we live in a continual and useless struggle between the prejudices and the most powerful passion of our nature."

Sweet accommodating moralist! why should you indeed?

"We cannot always resist; and neither reason, nor what *I* term virtue, requires it."

No, certainly; the *virtue* of a French opera dancer can never require such a sacrifice.

"I never violate the laws of *decency*, nor bestow any favours for hire. You must confess, ladies, that a life such as I have painted is truly an object of envy," &c. &c.

And this—this!—is a book just published for the edification of our wives and daughters. Signora Imagina now commences her eventful story; but amidst a pompous and verbose enumeration of the delights of *virtue*, we could only particularise two supreme sources of joy; the one was a wonderful scene of sun-rising on the *western* coast of Italy, when she saw that luminary emerge from the ocean (though she does not inform us how she looked *over* the Appenines), and

"In that moment of holy rapture perceived not with her eyes, but *internally* a single beam of light of such clearness, and such brilliancy, that"—

We presume Winsor's patent gas is nothing to it? Fortunately, however this lady was not of so combustible a nature as Signora Allegrina, otherwise the consequences might have been fatal. Her other pleasure was being beloved by "a member of the British parliament," who

makes speeches solely to please *her*. This lover, from whom, however, she is separated,

"Doubles her existence; and through him she contributes to enact wise and benevolent laws for Britain."

Oh, happy Britain!

"Oh fortunata nimium, sua si bona norit."

Signora Diana, the politician, is now permitted to speak, who soon shews in what *she* places her chief happiness, by asking the following question:

"Pray, ladies, have none of you ever taken part in a plot?

"Never," they all answer.

"It is a great pity," replies Signora Diana.

The gentle Cordelia, when the politician is silent, describes *her* happiness as consisting in a good husband, a good house, a large family, and in being a member of a mystical society, whose bond of union is, "Love ye one another, and the Almighty above all." This description, however, becomes at last so delightful, that our listening friend calls out "Ah! Cordelia!"—"We are betrayed," cry the ladies; but Signora Allegrina enters his chamber, calling "Ah! ah! Mr. Listener," and immediately *drags him* into their apartment. Being caught in the fact, his defence is not listened to, and he is *condemned* to declare which of the systems he likes best. Paris, with the apple on Mount Ida, could not be more puzzled; but this ingenious gentleman endeavours to get off by saying, he likes them *all best*. So clear an answer requires explanation, and our editor assures the ladies that he is an *eclectic*; and *therefore* that he should like to *amuse* himself with Allegrina, *exalt* himself with Imagina, be the object of Diana's care, and the husband of Cordelia. What an unconscionable rogue!

After all this confabulation, he begins anew with a his-

tory of each of the ladies; but it is so much below criticism, that we shall, only on account of its *novelty*, take notice of the first love adventure of the fair Cordelia. This young lady, her mind warmed with the mystic divinity of her sect, had formed sublime ideas of a celestial spouse; and having become acquainted with a Madame O——, who had a son a knight of Malta, the old lady shewed her a head of Christ by Leonarda da Vinci, which she said was a striking likeness of the young chevalier!

Such impiety and absurdity are alike disgusting; and we can only again repeat, that to many this publication must do infinite harm; and even those whom it cannot harm it must fail to amuse.

Whilst works of this nature are to be classed as novels, and are to find their way into circulating libraries, and into the numerous *seminaries* for female education, we need not wonder at our streets being filled with prostitutes, and our tabernacles with enthusiasts: the decency of the fair sex must give way for *la volupté et l'enjouement*, and the simplicity of christian morals and religion must be laid aside for the vapid morality of Kotzebue, and the Katterfelto incantations of Swedenborg.

The Dramatic Mirror. *By* Thomas Gilliland, Author of Dramatic Synopsis, &c. &c. &c. 2 vols. Price One Guinea!!! Chappel, Pall-Mall.

In the present influx of new publications, what pleasurable sensations a man feels upon opening such a work as this, if he discovers merit and ingenuity in its construction: we *opened* this work anticipating some such delight; but disappointment is the lot of mortals, and we partook largely of its sorrows; for never did there issue

from the press any thing so impudent, so ignorant, or so contemptible, as this suit of literary patchwork.

The name is incorrect. If this book be a mirror, it is a mirror without mercury; none can see themselves correctly reflected in it; all can see *through it*. To expose the secret motives of dramatic abuse is our peculiar province; and to throw a light upon the system of attack, now so nefariously and so uniformly directed against the stage and all its members, will always be our boast and pleasure.

To make such a book, as the one under consideration, requires *no* head; had *that* part of the man been a *sine qua non*, Thomas Gilliland would never have been the hero of our strictures: the requisites for this sort of publication are, impudence to intrude, meanness to listen to private conversation, a determination to worm into family secrets, a sharp PAIR of SCISSARS, and a large POT of PASTE!!!

All these qualifications are within the reach of Anthony Pasquin's cast-off fag, the dingy gentleman before us. The original matter contained in the Dramatic Mirror would lay in as small a space as its author's brains, or its publisher's conscience.

We shall first mention a few instances of his boasted impartiality. After calling Mr. Davenport "a *perfect* actor," Mr. Rae "an ornament to the metropolitan stage," and Mrs. LITCHFIELD a *first rate* actress,* he roundly asserts, without more words or ceremony than these, that Mr. Matthews is a "BAD ACTOR." To analyse Mr. Matthews's merits as a comedian is neither our inclination nor

* We suspect that Mr. Gilliland (knowing as much of nautical as dramatic affairs), having read in some dictionary, that the *largest* ships were called *first rates*, conceived the distinction applied, in like manner, to *theatrical ladies*.—We can find no better excuse for him than his ignorance.

duty; but as this book praises abundantly every other performer, we think it incumbent on us to state a circumstance which may account for this solitary instance of abuse.

Mr. Gilliland, during a recent season, by what authority nobody knew, was wont to intrude himself into the green-room of Drury-lane theatre; and as he at that time had not been dismissed from the newspapers for want of talent, he came evidently, like Vapid, to *pick up*.

"Quis novis hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?"

Was the cry. Who is he? what is he? were the general questions. Don't know, and can't tell, were the universal answers: till at length roused by his very unprepossessing appearance (vide a print of himself at the beginning of his book), some ventured to make enquiries among the porters and menials of the theatre, and they discovered their visitor to be no other than the famed Mr. Thomas Gilliland, ci-devant scout to Anthony Pasquin, and the author of two scurrilous pamphlets, called "*Elbow-room*," and "*Jack in Office*," vented against Mr. *Kemble*, who in THIS BOOK is lauded to the skies!

A paper, signed by the most spirited of the performers, was prepared to be presented to the managers, requesting the exclusion of this spy upon the private conduct of public men, whose confidence our compiler regularly betrayed, by publishing in some journal all their domestic conversations. But as the season was far advanced, the presentation was deferred till the ensuing year, when Mr. Gilliland rendered it needless, by a voluntary secession from the *sanctum sanctorum*.

Mr. Matthews openly boasted that HE was the chief instrument of this retirement; for though

"Fairly kicked out,
It was only resigning."

And an intruder (not less of a sneak than his friend) hearing this ran to the garret of our author, and told him Mr. Matthews was his enemy. "Will you have at him?" was the question. "I will," was the answer.

"Then shalt thou be my lieutenant,"

Was the rejoinder; and these gentlemen,

"Par nobile patrum,"

Have been sworn brothers ever since.

After having transcribed Matthews's life from the Monthly Mirror (stealing quicksilver for his own) he says, "the way he played Sir Fretful Plagiary made us regret the loss of Parsons, and smile at the feeble imitation of that great actor." Now the smile generally was a roar of laughter in the audience. We have seen Parsons, and can positively declare, that in *no one point* is Matthews a copyist of that justly celebrated actor. Besides, Mr. Gilliland can be no judge of the case; for as Parsons's great merit lay in minute and sudden changes of countenance, the audience in the one shilling gallery (the only place from which our compiler could in those days have seen him) were too far removed from the stage to discover those perfections.

Of the errors we noticed not a FEW: such as in the account of *Bannister's age—no other man having attempted Bowkitt—Moody's riot in* 1769—*Edwin's dying in* 1799!!—*Mr. Ryder's bringing out his daughter in Portia and Jessica* (serious and comic characters in the same play)—He says in another place, "*Mr. Dowton was not recommended by Mr. Cumberland to Drury-lane;*" but in the history of the Tunbridge theatre he declares, that "*Cumberland did recommend Dowton to Drury-lane,*" and many, many others: for instance, he asserts, that the story told by Steevens, of Harrison having killed Robin-

son (an actor in Shakspeare's time) is *false;* and seven pages afterwards he states, that "Robinson was killed by Harrison, who was hanged at Charing-cross." He says, vol. i. p. 960, that Ryder commenced manager in 1771—p. 245 he asserts that he began his management in 1775. The same anecdotes are several times repeated in the two volumes—such as Farquhar's introduction of Mrs. Oldfield, vol. i. 288—an account of Daly, p. 246, repeated vol. ii. 962—and many others of Garrick, Sheridan, &c. To these *trifling* defects may be added a vast number of omissions, bad English in abundance, and falsehoods innumerable.

On the score of ingratitude we must also notice this compiler. It may be necessary to premise, that since the exit of Anthony Pasquin, Mr. Gilliland has become the bosom friend of Mr. Bown, commonly called Mr. Winston; and, like the viper, has turned to sting him: for he has introduced a burlesque account of his family, so truly ridiculous, that it must inflame the choler of this great manager of the Little Theatre, if he has any choler to be inflamed (which we beg to be excused for doubting): for, gentle reader, listen to the unaccountable falsehoods told of this *amiable character.*

"*James Winston,* Esquire, is a descendant of *Drugo de Ballendon,* whose son, Hamlet! came over to England with William the Conqueror!!!

'Aye, Hamlet! why was he sent to England?'

"The family" (Mr. Bown's family) "were for their services created Lords of Trewin and Winston in Gloucestershire!! The subject of this article was born in 1773; and from the early death of his parents he was brought up by his grandfather, at whose decease he became possessed of a *large handsome property.*" N. B. This does not refer to his wife.

Now "are there no stones in heaven but what serve for thunder?" Hear the fact.

James Winston, Esquire, is *not* James Winston, Esquire, but the descendant of *Bown de Holborn, stocking-maker.* Our hero came on the Tottenham-court private stage, and played for his *own* amusement. For the sake of some money left him by his grandfather he abandoned his parent, whose *hosier's shop in Holborn* he passes without remorse, and whose face he can stare into without compunction. This is the truth, and our compiler's conduct in inserting so deliberate a collection of falsehoods, merits the cane of Mr. Bown, jun. but that he never carries a stick, and had rather not trust to his fists.

This renowned *Drugo de Hamlet de Trewin; de—what is it!* has since become one of the proprietors of the Haymarket theatre. There were proprietors before; but

> "Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius alter
> Deerat adhuc, et quod *dominari in cætera possit.*"

Such a being was Drugo: the man whose literary talents are praised, while he cannot *write;* who is called a fine actor, after having been *hissed off the stage;* and who is hailed a lord, while he is, in fact, a *stocking-maker!*

> "If these be truths—farewel to falsehoods."

Mr. Gilliland's consistency is on a par with his veracity. In his pamphlets of "*Jack in Office,*" and "*Elbow-room,*" he compares Mr. Kemble "to an exhausted post-horse with the hooping-cough;"—calls him the "great John with a long face," and declares that he "*bleats, snuffles,* and grunts through his part." But in the book before us, he styles him "a great, and generally admired tragedian;" and adds, "there is a majesty of person in Mr. Kemble which nature has bestowed, as she peculiarly marked him for a votary of the histrionic art."

"No man ever had *features* of a *happier* cast"—(*great John with his long face*), and talks of his voice as only equalled by Demosthenes, who of course must have been a *bleater*, a *snuffler*, and a *grunter*.

Such faults as the few we have selected abound; and we perceive that this mouse-like production from the mountain mind of Gilliland has been hitherto kept, like Jove's thunderbolt, to strike awe into performers and authors; and by partially displaying small portions of its pages, he contrived either to wheedle or alarm the subjects of his book into giving him orders for his friends, or admissions behind the scenes for himself. Let them cease to tremble—they have seen what he can do, and find it to be—NOTHING.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. Memoirs of Sylvester Daggerwood, Comedian.

"These sheets appear to contain the sad vicissitudes of some *real sufferers*. While a perusal of them may help the mere desultory reader to while away an odd hour, it may afford a *serious lesson* of admonition to all modern disciples of the wandering Thespis."—Monthly Review.

"We have perused this work with very little amusement, and much less information. We are as much *in the dark* respecting the author's *meaning*, as if he had never written a syllable. *All* is *confusion and nonsense* from the beginning to the end."—Critical Review.

2. An Enquiry into the Principles of Civil and Military Subordination; by John Macdiarmid, Esq.

"The language is in general neat without being elegant; but

sentences merely correct are no compensation for *vapid* and trite *sentiments*, nor is an uniform diction any equivalent for *inanity of sense*. If the author would be influenced by our opinion, we would recommend him to turn his attention in future to LESS ABSTRUSE subjects."—Antijacobin Review.

"We have perused the work before us with a strong sense of the *talents* which the author has displayed. His style is clear and impressive, and his *sentiments* in the main are *just*."—British Critic.

"In prosecuting these inquiries, the PENETRATION, the PATIENT INVESTIGATION, and the POWERS OF ANALYSIS which Mr. Macdiarmid displays, appear to considerable advantage. His pages throughout are characterized by a liberal spirit, by *manly sentiments*, and by an ardent and *enlightened* patriotism."—Monthly Review.

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3. Observations on (what is called) the Catholic Bill, by a Lawyer.

"The author is a *most acute reasoner*, and he has taken up the subject in a *point of view* not the less *striking* for being perfectly novel."—Antijacobin Review.

"The writer of this tract styles himself a lawyer, and appears to be a *sound one*.—This is surely very strong and *very correct*; as is *the whole tract*, to our apprehension."—British Critic.

"The *view* which this lawyer gives of the bill, is in our judgment most *preposterous*. In short, *none of the reasoning* in this pamphlet appears to us *well founded*.—Monthly Review.

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4. Observations on a Journey through Spain and Italy, &c. By Robert Semple.

"This writer has here produced two very entertaining little volumes, which we have read with *much satisfaction*. He relates the incidents and the route of his journey in a LIVELY *and pleasing* manner. The whole is *very amusing*."—British Critic.

"We have accompanied our author through his extensive journey without experiencing the smallest mental fatigue. We have been *amused* with his brief but LIVELY descriptions; and *in-*

terested with his *pertinent and sensible remarks* upon men, manners, and customs. He has none of the affectation, prolixity, or pedantry, which distinguish but too many of our modern tourists."—Antijacobin Review.

"Mr. Semple has a *reasonable share* of *observation and thought*; and his manner of narrating adventures, and describing customs and scenery, affords a LIVELY picture of the realities."—Eclectic Review.

"A self-examination on the part of Mr. Semple, might have saved the writer of this article some unprofitable labour: when Lisbon, Cadiz, or Leghorn, forms the limits of a writer's excursion, the world expects something more than a mere delineation of scenes or events which have *nothing new or uncommon* to recommend them.—If Mr. Semple would be induced to call in all the copies of his present tour that remain unsold (as those probably constitute the whole number printed, except the one now on our table), it might save him the mortification of being added to the long list of modern travellers who have encountered the *ridicule* of the public.—But we are dwelling too much at length on the *paltry* work, from which we can extract *nothing but pertness and vulgarity*."——Critical Review.

"Mr. Semple is at best but an amusing traveller, who tells of things *somewhat different from our usual knowledge*. The style of this book is extremely flippant: it is a bad imitation of a bad model; we mean the SILLY VIVACITY of some modern French writers."—Universal Magazine.

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5. The Epics of the Ton, a Poem.

"Where good morals, good sense, and *good poetry*, combine to make a book palatable, fastidious indeed must that taste be, which either nauseates it or cannot digest it. The portraits are *drawn to the life*, by the hand of a master."—Antijacobin Review.

"The characters are *so correctly drawn*, and so much like the life, that *no mistake can* well *occur* in the application."—Critical Review.

"The characters which the author draws, are *not always suffi-*

ciently marked; and the liberty which he sometimes takes with rhymes is *unpardonable.*'—Monthly Review.

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6. History of the Campaign of 1805 in Germany, Italy, &c. By William Burke.

"The campaign is here circumstantially described. This narrative is written with *vigour,* and indicates *extensive information* on the subject."—British Critic.

" They who are desirous to read a second time what appeared in the French *bulletins* and the *newspapers* of the day, will have an opportunity of doing it in this production of Mr. Burke; who seems to *know no more* of the matters on which he undertakes to write, than is known by *John Doe and Richard Roe,* and the *rest* of his *majesty's* liege *subjects* at large."—Critical Review.

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7. Hours of Leisure, by George Brewer.

" Mr. Brewer has furnished an *amusing,* and *not* wholly *uninstructive* volume. It abounds with delineation of character, humorous incidents, pleasing allegory, and satire on the follies and vices of the age. We have been much amused by this volume."—Eclectic Review.

—" It is not therefore surprising that Mr. Brewer should be an ABLE *monitor* and an *entertaining companion,* to whom a reader may listen with advantage. Many of the essays possess considerable merit: they display no small portion of humour, and an *ample stock* of *good sense* and of good principles."—Antijacobin Review.

" Nobody ever hears Mr. Skeffington (to whom his work is dedicated) mentioned as an author, except with the adjective CONTEMPTIBLE prefixed. His brother-author, as Mr. Brewer calls himself, is *equally entitled* to the *same* characteristic appellation."—Critical Review.

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8. Festuca Grammatica, the Child's Guide to some Principles of the Latin Grammar, &c. &c. By the Rev. Richard Lyne.

" We regard the author's *design* as *laudable,* his *plan* as inge-

nious, and his *illustrations* as *worthy* of the *serious attention* of grammarians."—Eclectic Review.

"A *mere title-page!*—Critical Review.

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9. Lectures on Natural Philosophy, by Margaret Bryan.

"The subject of the present article introduces something very interesting to our curiosity; a lady writing on natural philosophy with considerable *spirit, copiousness,* and *ingenuity.* The interest we felt in taking up this work, has been gratified by its perusal; and our examination of its contents justifies us in recommending it to the notice and patronage of the public. To those who are desirous of such a treatise, it will probably offer *many entire subjects* PERFECTLY NEW; and others will find the principles with which they were before acquainted, embodied and illustrated in a *new form.*"—Critical Review.

"The appearance of this work is elegant and striking;—but when the decorations and appendages are compared with the materials of the work, and the manner of treating the subject, they may perhaps a little recal to mind the practice of those picture-dealers who place a very moderate performance in a broad and handsomely carved and gilt frame, which, by the association of ideas in the minds of unskilled spectators, may supply all defects in the picture. The particulars of the Contents are the most hackneyed branches of natural philosophy; yet it cannot be said that in the Lectures which we are now examining, those topics are more clearly or more *amply* elucidated, or that they are accompanied with ANY NEW MATTER. On the contrary, we say with regret, that they are treated in a very *superficial* way; in a manner always *imperfect,* frequently *confused,* and sometimes *mistaken.* It would be an endless task to enumerate all the objectionable passages of this work."—British Critic.

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10. Poems by the Reverend J. Mant.

—"Mr. Mant's principal fault is an extraordinary occasional feebleness, which sometimes entirely destroys the effect of what would else be pleasing description. With some exceptions of

this kind, the Sunday Morning has *great merit* as an imitation of the GOLDEN AGE *of English poetry*."—Edinburgh Review.

—" Having got into a religious mood, Mr. Mant is in no haste to quit it, and favours us with a description of a Sunday morning. A more delightful subject the soul of man cannot conceive; and to fail in treating a theme so congenial to every finer feeling of humanity, must demonstrate *singular incapacity*. Yet Mr. Mant has failed in describing the morning of the hallowed day, as completely as any RANTING METHODIST could have done when *murdering religion* to a bevy of old women."—Critical Review.

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11. Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson; by William Beatty, M. D.

" In one respect our sorrow for the loss of so great a man must be increased by the knowledge that his state of health was such as to promise many years of life and successful services to his country, had he not fallen in battle. *This contradicts the current opinion*, but it is supported by the evidence of facts."—Oxford Review.

" One circumstance in the narrative is not generally known: it is *an expression of this illustrious chief*," &c.—Eclectic Review.

" The ONLY circumstance we discover in this Authentic Narrative, varying from the many accounts of Lord Nelson's death which have been laid before the public, is, that *the fatal ball was not discharged from a rifle musket*."—Critical Review.

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12. A Short Inquiry into the Policy, Humanity, and Past Effects, of the Poor Laws.

" The author appears to be *well qualified*, by EXPERIENCE as well as judgment, to furnish *useful assistance* on this interesting subject" (of correcting the poor-laws). We have much pleasure in reporting that the subjects treated of are here *deeply investigated* and *judiciously discussed*, by one who appears to have *read and reflected* on them with great attention, and whose *judgment* has been directed by EXPERIENCE much more than by theory."—British Critic.

" The author's views on the poor-laws, and on all the great

questions connected with that important subject, are *wild* and IMPRACTICABLE; founded entirely on *narrow notions* or *exploded errors*: and the projects of reformation which he recommends, would infallibly *aggravate the evils* which they are intended to remedy. It appears to us that the *absurdity* of this work will generally prove an effectual antidote to the errors which it contains. From one HOPELESS project our author proceeds to another equally HOPELESS."—Edinburgh Review.

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13. The Pleasures of Human Life, by Hilarius Benevolus and Co.

"We have of late been so overloaded with fanciful miseries in addition to our numerous real ones, that we began to think, and not without reason, that there were no pleasures in human life. The FACETIOUS Co. who have composed this little volume have however undeceived, and taught us that there is one pleasure left at least, the pleasure of *laughing* at the folly, aye, and the wisdom, of mankind."—Monthly Mirror.

"We can venture to guess that the writer is a GRAVE man; at least, his work conveys that impression to our minds."—Critical Review.

"We expected, from the title, to be convulsed with *laughter*; but the farther we read, the GRAVER we became."—Monthly Review.

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14. Considerations upon the Trade with India, and the Policy of continuing the Company's Monopoly.

"The DEAR and *intelligent* writer of these Considerations," &c.—Critical Review.

"This is one of those penmen who would write worse if they had a better temper, and who remind us of a torrent that is the more mischievous for rolling along with it a charge of MUD and stones.—We believe that we understand him, though we should not choose to say so much for himself."—Edinburgh Review.

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15. All the Talents Garland.

"In this satirical collection we discern *humour* without malig-

nity. The members of the late ministry are the butt of ridicule, but the laugh is generally *well conducted.*"—Monthly Review.

"These fugitive scraps were *not worth scraping together.*"—Monthly Mirror.

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16. Ins and Outs, or State of Parties.

"If harmonious numbers and *gentlemanly satire* could procure for a poet any notice, this writer might count on some readers," &c.—Monthly Review.

"The bard's propensity to *abuse,*" &c.—Antijacobin Review.

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17. A Treatise on Plain and Spherical Trigonometry, by John Bonnycastle.

"—We anticipated a useful and popular work, adapted to INITIATE the *mathematical tyro* into one of the most useful branches of science; and we have not been disappointed."—Oxford Review.

"The subject of this work *cannot* be immediately the *instruction of the student,* for no student can from this book alone learn trigonometry; and it can be intended only for an enlarged syllabus,—a register of methods to aid the memory of the *experienced* mathematician, or a collection of rules for the use of the merely practical operator."—Monthly Review.

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18. A Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, by Richard Payne Knight.

"This age is not so debased but that some men are to be found in it who have abilities to appreciate the value of Mr. Fox's upright and perspicuous mind, and who have *genius* to secure his and their *fame* from perpetual obloquy and oblivion. Of this class Mr. Knight stands in the *foremost rank;* and we beg to assure him that his Monody on this greatest of our modern statesmen, is considered by us as not less *honourable to him* as a man than *as a poet.* In general this tribute presents us with GOOD SENSE conveyed in good numbers."—Monthly Review.

"We *think little* of this Monody; which has some good verses, but *very little poetry.* We could point out much BALD STUFF," &c.—Monthly Mirror.

THEATRES.

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"How imperfect is expression!" and how very awful is the obscurity thrown over the subject. If the admission or rejection of ladies be a *matter of opinion*, and that resting in the breasts of *door-keepers*, who will get in! and what terrible incidents will occur every evening: countesses will be given in charge to constables, duchesses stopped as suspicious characters, and a dowdy dowager swimming in, all paint and patches, with her lanky

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daughters, hunting for husbands, may be stopped at the door as an antiquated priestess of the Cyprian shrine, escorting her votaries to their nightly sacrifices; and these are mistakes which would prove mighty unpleasant, for when the cap *almost* fits, and yet does not exactly suit, it galls the head more than when it slips on easily.

To prevent these accidents, and *to induce people to take boxes*, subscription tickets are to be received only at the *box*-door: here's security and comfort; but the common herd are not so indulged; they are to try for the pit below, and only to get in if their "*appearance is not understood.*" This may have the effect of making women of respectability dress more modestly, for if the door-keepers judge by *costumé*, and the ladies habit themselves as they do *at present*, the only chance a gentleman will have of obtaining a fair one's company to the pit of the opera, will be by getting a certificate of her good behaviour, backed by the *church-wardens, and two respectable house-keepers of the parish where she resides*: like Chærea, the gay lady will exclaim when turned away—

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never take the trouble of giving such directions as are issued to the *Opera door-keepers*, the ladies who frequent the *minor theatres* being determined that their vocation "*shall be expressed as well as understood.*"

At Covent Garden a new entertainment has been produced, which has been in preparation for upwards of two years, called *Marriage-a-la-Mode*: the principal performers were Earl Craven and Miss Brunton. To criticise this interesting *melo-drame*, is not our province, but, we understand, the lady's character was extremely well supported through all the private rehearsals, and that the *peer* having got perfect in his part, the piece ended happily. That *Miss Brunton* will play *Lady Craven* much better than she did *Lady Townley* we have no doubt; and that she may meet with every pleasure and comfort in her new state is our wish, in common with every admirer of beauty and virtue.

The circumstance of this marriage gave rise to a joke, which happened to be so apposite, and yet so unintentional, that, with suitable apology, we beg leave to mention it.

A little boy, the son of Mr. G——, well known in the theatrical world, having just returned from school, was in the room when his father was speaking of this union, and concluded his speech by saying, "In that instance you see

"Finis coronat opus."

The child laughed very heartily, and, in consequence of his mirth, was desired to translate the Latin, and being young in the language he rendered it thus—

"*A fine coronet is needful.*"

Another lady is said to be about quitting the stage for the Hymeneal altar. Miss Bristow, according to report, is to perform the *Sleeping Beauty*, for the *benefit of the author*: she is shortly to become *Mrs. Skiffington.*

We have been favoured with a letter from an "*Inhabitant of Bath*," on the subject of a paragraph which appeared in a late number of *the Satirist*, concerning Mr. Elliston's rustication from Drury Lane Theatre, when he was advertised to play Sir Charles Racket. For this correspondent's compliments we feel most truly indebted, but as a *resident* AT Bath, his speaking of it as "THAT city" is rather strange; we have, however, no objection to be corrected where we are wrong, let it come even from THIS city; but here we cannot comply with his request. When we noticed Mr. Elliston's absence from London, we did not object to any thing he did at Bath; whether he played there or not is very immaterial; the point is, that he DID NOT PLAY at Drury Lane. If his *domestic arrangements* call him to "THAT city" once a week (in reason often enough), let him for heaven's sake go, but let him give notice of his intention. Mr. Elliston is a servant of the public; a deserving valuable servant, but he is at least well paid for his exertions, and however good and great he may be, he should not leave his *place* without some *warning*.

Mr. Elliston's attachment to his family is very meritorious, but while he is enjoying his fireside, he should not forget the pieces he is to play in, in town. It certainly was his duty to have apprized the proprietor of his intentions, and therefore we cannot retract any thing we have said: he assuredly *did not* make known his design to the manager, he left town *without their knowledge, the audience were kept waiting, and Mr. Holland was his substitute*: all this we said *before*, all this we repeat, with this addition, that in our opinion such conduct was a breach of duty to the theatre, and a slight upon the town.

We have also received a letter from A. S. As to his request it is as impossible that we should comply with it, as with the desire of our *Bath* friend. If the gentleman alluded to supposes that any *temptations* will lure us from our duty, or any *threat* alter our genuine opinion, he is mistaken: we mean to be impartial, and to prove how we consider him, we beg leave to refer him to the theatrical review of the present number. If Mr. A. S. is one of those good natured men who act as *dry nurses* to their acquaintance, and flatter themselves they can write sensible letters to serve them, he, among others, is mistaken, and we rather suspect, he does not know even how to subscribe himself, his initials want another S to make them complete.

In our next number we shall proceed to the analysis of the Sunday Review, which we did intend to have presented our readers with this month, but the conduct of *the Times* has of late been so outrageousiy vio-

lent that we thought we might render the theatre more service by exposing the motives which instigated a popular paper to abuse, than by noticing the ignorant trash of a neglected journal.

DRURY-LANE.

At this theatre, on Wednesday the 16th was performed, for the first time, Falkener, a tragedy in five acts, interspersed with country dances, masquerades, deaths, trials, faintings, &c. &c. &c. &c. written and *founded on fact*, by Political Justice Godwin, Esq.—And oh what a tragedy it was!

Had the shades of *Foote* and *Goldsmith* lent their aid to the living genius of Reynolds, Dibdin, and Colman, to produce any effects so *comic* as were stricken out in this *serious* play, they would have failed; it was broad farce from the first scene to the last.

If variety of character be a desirable object, Mr. Godwin most assuredly hit his mark; there were personages of all conditions concerned, from grand dukes to dancing harlequins and clowns, and it is a matter of doubt to us which was the most contemptible, the silent stupidity of the buffoons, or the loquacious bombast of the heroes.

Elliston represented Falkener, a gentleman remarkable for nothing but a wish to see his mother, and wearing a prodigious large hat; these striking peculiarities he continued all through the play, and he and his mama, (as arrant an old jade as any in christendom) kept up the pursuit like columbine and her lover in the pantomime, for whenever Mrs. Arabella saw her son she ran away, and whenever her son saw Mrs. Arabella he ran after her.

Mrs. H. Siddons played a part wholly unsuited to her; it was a vile designing artful Signora Something, who wanted to kill every body and destroy every thing. She did all she could to make herself disagreeable, but nature will prevail, and instead of shuddering at her atrocities, we wondered how any thing so pretty could be so wicked.

Her husband played *Stanley*: he was the friend of Falkener and to shew how closely their amity was cemented, wore a hat as big as his crony; he took this off, and his coat too, in the second act, and performed a something, either Truth in Mercury, or Cupid or Hercules, in sky-blue petticoats, with no stockings on his legs. Two very facetious clowns, and a few comical harlequins, supported their characters very well, and danced the heroine, Mrs. Falkener off the stage; her son followed her, and after panting and sighing for a few minutes, they all ran away again, the fiddles striking up, "*off she goes*," and the clowns kicking their heels most nimbly.

After the masquerade came a murder; Mr. Palmer played the villain, and a villainous piece of acting it was; he was the dearest friend Falkener had, therefore he took him out into the fields and cut his throat; having done which he left his corpse for the crows, and strutted home again.

Then entered half a dozen of the worst actors the theatre could afford, and having, like a coroner's jury examined the body of Mr. Palmer, then lying on his back, one of them, more sagacious than the rest, after having gazed at him some few minutes, said with great emphasis,

"Why! the man is dead!"

"Indeed?" was the general reply, and the whole party moved off with the *greatest nonchalance!*

Palmer was too much of a tragedian to let his part end here: he *saw no wit* at all in being sent out of the world so soon, and, therefore, when the scene was about to close, fearing that his fingers might get jammed, and thinking he had not yet.

"*Jam satis!*"

he drew up his arm with an alacrity dead men seldom possess; the shouts of laughter now became general, and at the end of the second round *Thalia* had hit *Melpomene* very hard.

In the third act Mr. Falkener was apprehended, Mr. Stanley called to see him, and a comical jailor denied him, then the bloody minded Signora walked in and left his name, Mr. Stanley was introduced, talked to his friend, and then ran away to prevent him from being hanged.

This Newgate calendar interest was kept up till the trial came on; but before the court met, Mr. Stanley hearing that there was a count who might be of great service to his frend, called upon him *in the morning and killed him!!!*

This was for the better carrying on of the plot.

Well, then Mr. Falkner was tried,

we believe before a *jury of matrons*, for there were twelve very disagreeable looking gentlewomen stuck into a box in the court, and unless they were witnesses which Falkener meant to call, we do not see what they could have been but a jury!

The judge—

"Oh! most learned judge!"

(*Mr. Ray*) talked of the *heroicism* of a lady, and after the count had boasted of their justice, they jumped up as soon as they saw Mrs. Falkener, and declared they would sit no longer.

Then Mrs. Falkener took Mr. Falkener, jun. by the hand, and led him home to her husband, who was dead. She called upon him.

"But dogs who hear when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed."

The servants compassionated her feelings, and the latter with a degree of sympathy unequalled in a *man out of livery*, exclaimed,

"Let us stand before the body!"

Upon which all the footmen pulled up the skirts of their coats, and hid the murdered count from his disconsolate wife.

She soon saw through this, and after talking a little she *died*; Falkener and Stanley having done all they had to do, embraced, and there ended the tragedy.

N. B. *For the better carrying on of the plot*, Mrs. H. Siddon died during the performance somewhere behind the scenes.

Bickerstaff's opera of Lionel and Clarissa has been revived here for the purpose of introducing Miss Lyon as the heroine; whatever this lady's merit may be as a vocal performer, she has not sufficient knowledge of the stage to give any thing like interest to an acting part, and as the opera itself did not attract, of course it was not often performed.

Braham's singing in Lionel was delightful, there is a fascination in his voice, (which, by the bye, some of the best conducted of our contemporaries have chosen to censure)* that always enraptures the audience. The manner in which he gave the air in the last act, addressed to Clarissa, was unique, and the duett between him and Miss L. adapted to the beautiful air of "*Ye banks and braes*," was generally encored.

Signora Storace, in Diana, was all vivacity, and gave to the part all the point it allowed. The system of reviving *old* operas with *new* songs, must be universally deprecated. Mr. Corri, Mr. Reeves, and Mr. Addison, introduced a collection of new airs in the place of popular music by good masters, and for what purpose we are at a loss to imagine: it would not be more absurd and conceited for a painter's apprentice to daub over the mellow'd picture of a Rubens with some design of his own, than it is for those gentlemen to make the beautiful melodies of *Vento*, *Back*, or *Galuppi*, give place to the trivial sing song ballads of their own composition.

We were, however, less displeased at this system in the present instance, because it was the means of introducing some excellent words from the pen of Mr. J. Smith, a gentleman who of late has favoured the world with some very pretty lyrical productions.

Miss Kelley, a sister we believe of Mrs. Mathews, played Jenny in the opera, during the indisposition of Mrs. Bland. She is a very pretty girl, and with a degree of *naiveté* and vivacity, possesses sufficient dramatic talents to give great promise of future excellence.

Mr. Putnam, a gentleman who appeared this season for the first time in Alonzo, has assumed the part of *Rosenberg*, in the *melo-drame* of that name; that Mr. Elliston should give up this character we think rather extraordinary, it is what he plays very forcibly, and whether playing in afterpieces be agreeable or not to Mr. Elliston, we conceive that nothing can excuse an actor, paid as he is, from doing his duty to the author and the town.

Mr. Putnam gave the broken hearted hero with great energy, and wholly regardless of *boots* or *boards*, stamped himself into public notice: he had heard his predecessor applauded in proportion to the loudness of his roar, and concluded if he made as much noise he should succeed as well; but Mr. Putman must change *names* with Mr. Elliston before he may do as he does.

Miss Ray has appeared in several new parts, and with no small share of *eclat*.

A Christmas pantomime will be performed before this number is published, Laurent the clown, and Johnson the contriver, names of some promise.

* Among these we are sorry to notice the Monthly Mirror.

Tekeli has been played, for the first time this season. Mr. Holland assumed Mr. Bartley's part, and Mr. Putnam, Mr. Carles's: why Mr. Bartley was discharged, because he wanted an additional pound per week; and why *Mrs. de Ponte, Mr. Penley, Mr. Ray, Mr. Eyre, Miss Lacey, Miss Feron, and all Mr. Corri's pupils* (with the exception of Miss Lyon, who, by the bye, owes very little to his instructions) *were engaged*, when one pound per week would have been more than their worth altogether, we know not: perhaps this is *management*.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The only novelty here is the *Blind Boy*, a melo-drame in two acts, *altered* from the French by Mr. Hewetson.

The plot is not by any means novel, a boy (blind from his birth) is left in charge with an old man, and twenty years after is found by a friend of the late queen his mother. The old man's daughter, constantly with Edmund the blind boy, conceives a warm attachment which proves a mutual one; just as they are happily arranging themselves, the Prince Rodolph arrives, and when he has eaten and drank all he chooses, he goes away: the man who left the boy, sees him, and gives Old *Oberto* a piece of parchment, leaves him, he opens it, and rattles it about to a variety of tunes; calls in the boy, hails him Prince, and makes his daughter cry. Liston is a lover of the girl, and they all go off in a cart to Warsaw.

After this, while Rodolph, who is presumptive heir, is at the altar going to marry the Princess Duchess of *Some place*, this Old Oberto declares he is not the *King's son*, the match is broken off, the Duchess faints, and is led off by a common soldier, and then Rodolph's business is to kill the blind boy. This desire gives rise to a very interesting scene, (the last) where several incidents occur highly amazing, and the piece ends like all other *Melo-Dramas* with a *group*.

These materials have afforded ground for a very pretty piece. The performers all exerted themselves to the utmost; Mrs. C. Kemble's Edmund is a chef d'oeuvre, Fawcett is very forcible in the Old Soldier, but we must object to the nicety with which he shuts the door of an *out house* in an open village, to assure himself that he is *alone*.

Miss Norton is extremely clever as *Elvina*, and perfectly realises all we have said of her in our former numbers. She is a great acquisition to the stage.

Liston is the sole support of the comic department, he was as usual excellent, we wish he had a better song.

Farley appears perfectly at home in *Caled*, and all the characters, Chapman's not excepted, are very spiritedly kept up.

The music is by Davy, and is very pretty, but the introduction of little airs throughout the speeches, savors too much of the ridiculous.

The piece has succeeded very well, and continues to attract good houses.

Mr. Kemble has played Iago, and Mr. Jones Belcour. We have seen Cooke in the one, and several people in the other.

"*Verbum Sat.*"

A Mr. Hammerton performed Dennis Brulgruddery with great judgment, he is a larger man as to bulk than Johnstone, and his brogue is of a different cast, he nevertheless promises to be an acquisition to the theatre.

Mr. Claremont still encumbers this stage; we wish he would return to the counter.

A pantomime is in preparation by *Farley*, his genuis will no doubt produce something excellent; we hope it may prove as successful as *Mother Goose*: in saying which we only mean to express our wish that there may be no *dimunition* of *taste* in the town during the present season.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

LONDON.

A French journal contains the picture of a *Parisian Winter*; where the *beau monde* crowd to the metropolis, with the *fall of the leaf*; and where the *desolation* of the fields and groves, the approach of fogs, rain, snow, frost, short days, and long nights, are *signals* which all ranks obey. They quit the dreary solitude of the country, and hurry up to town—in which spectacles, balls, and illuminated saloons attract their multitudes, and the people of fashion *s'approchent*.

This is a Paris Winter commencing in the very beginning of November: and yet these people pretend to lead the *ton* of the world, and to give laws to *polished society!* They regulate themselves by the economy of nature; they implicitly follow the order of the seasons, and yet they make pretensions to taste and luxury!

How unlike a London Winter! How much superior is the graceful indifference which we shew to the changes of the year, to the stage of the weather, to the rules and laws which the vegetable world (and which only animals *born to vegetate*) are doomed to obey! Our *Winter* has nothing to do with the *season!* So far from commencing with the fall of the leaf, Winter does not begin till *Nature* shall have put forth the blossoms of regeneration. No woman who values her reputation for taste, ventures to come to town for the winter till the month of *May*; and it is not unusual to see a family of the highest *research* postpone the *burst* of its *entré* into the winter circles till after the King's birth-day. Every thing, to be fashionable, must be out of *season*. A *dejeuné* is suffocating, if given before *three o'clock* in the afternoon. A man of fashion never takes the morning air till after sun-set. No evening party begins till midnight; and it is indispensable to the character of a member of Parliament, that after a long debate he should go to his *dinner* at six o'clock in the morning. It must be *dinner* whatever be the hour, and however often he may have *restored* at Bellamy's. It is the sign of pure unadulterate simplicity to act like the *herd*, who eat when they're hungry, and drink when they're dry; and the Parisians have made no higher attainments in *ton* than the Hottentots, if they regulate their hours by the daily sun, or their seasons by his place in the Zodiac. The London Winter begins in April, rages in May, and subsides in June. It is then that our women of fashion find the weather delicately inclement; and the only remedy against its rigour is in the *comfort of compression*. It is only by squeezing several hundreds more into a set of rooms than they were ever destined to contain, that the severity of a London winter can be resisted. In Paris the people of fashion only *s'approchent*. In London they *dove-tail*. In Paris there is *society* —in London there is a *crowd*. It would be intolerable in a fashionable assembly at the west end of the town if there was room for *enjoyment*. Indeed the word itself is obsolete; for enjoyment belongs only to the miserable people, whom nobody knows. It is the invariable *test* and *criterion* of high breeding to counteract the rules of common life; and therefore to be at your *ease* in an assembly, into which you enter, is a *disappointment*. To remain in one place is a sign that you are *not in request*; and your *triumph* for the night consists in the number of *crowds* through which you have *jostled*.

Nothing can be so unlike, indeed, as a Paris and a London Winter. In Paris the *hau ton* love the pêle mêle at public places, and the *partie choisee* at home. They countenance all *efforts* for general entertainment, and in their own hotels their parties are *select*. They have a weekly night, and they *distribute* their invitations, so as to *accommodate* as well as *entertain* their friends. By this means they never interfere with, nor annoy the spectacles, nor affect the *enterprize* of professional artists. Here a woman of *supreme* attraction has her nights *en suite*, and *she* shines *par excellence* who put her friends to the greatest degree

of *oppression*. To be able to *stir* is an *accident*, and to get *in* or *out* you must watch for an *opportunity*. It is indispensable to character, to treat every thing that is public with contempt, and never to be seen in a place to which every person may go: it is the pinnacle of ton, for a lady of fashion to *open her own house* for the *benefit* of some dear delightful Italian, who will bring all the world together, and keep it elegantly crowded. This is at once conspicuous and economical. The lady gives a grand concert at home, and has *fifty invitations* as her part of the benefit. Oh! what a novelty to the refinements of housewifery! The lady of a duke, marquis, or earl, with a revenue of fifty thousand a year, sharing in the benefit of an *Italian fidler!* But it is *ton*; and the character of the lady depends upon the multitude she can attract. Such is our gay season!—A Paris Winter has its *agremens*.—A London Winter has its *eclat*.

Mrs. Amelia Noel, a lady of celebrity at the west end of the town, was lately sued upon a bill of exchange, when she pleaded her *coverture*. The mode of proving the marriage was as follows:—Mr. Urielli, the reader of the Jewish synagogue, produced a Hebrew Missal, entitled the *Katubah*, by which it appeared, that the bridgroom was Zebe, the son of Noah, of blessed memory, and the witnesses, Isaac the son of Abraham, of blessed memory, and Joseph the son of Abinadab, also of blessed memory; he was then desired to translate this solemn instrument. It appeared to recite a conversation between the parties to the marriage, and was to the following effect:—"On the fourth week, in the second day of the month, Micor, in the year of the creation 5541, the friend or the companion, Zebe Noah, said unto the spinster Abinda, 'Become thou my wife, according to the law of Moses, and I will maintain thee, according to the rites of the Jewish religion, and I will provide for, and honour thee. And I shall give thee for the dower of thy virginity 200 pieces of silver, and the raiment and the necessaries according to the custom.' To which the lady Abinda did consent; and the dowry which she brought, consisted of gold, silver, and ornaments, and also of bedding and attire, and 100 pieces of fine silver, which was increased by the Rabbi father, to 300 pieces of silver," &c. &c. The marriage was thus fully proved, and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Married.] Captain Pringle Stodhard of the royal navy to Miss Francess Sprott, niece of Mark Sprott, Esq. of King's Road, Bedford Row.

Charles Hill Hall, Esq. late of the 16th or queen's light dragoons, to Miss Augustus Browning, 3d daughter of the late John B. Esq. of Blackheath,

Edward Jesse, Esq. of West Bromwich, Stoffordshire, to Matilda, 3d daughter of Sir John Morris, Bart. of Claremount, Glamorganshire.

George Haldimand, Esq. of Clapham, to Miss Prinsep, daughter of alderman P.

At Hemel, Hempsted, Mr. Philip Griffith of Pall Mall, to Miss Barker.

William Reid Esq. of Bedfont, to Mrs. Williamson, relict of Thomas W. Esq. of Castle Street, Holborn

Earl Craven, to Miss Brunton, late of Covent-Garden theatre.

Charles Carpenter, Esq. of New Inn, to Miss Cormick, daughter of Col. C. formerly of the East India Company's service.

At Stepney, Joseph Robinson, Esq. of Stepney Causeway, to Miss Robinson, daughter of Mr. William R. of Baffinthwaite, near Keswick, Cumberland.

At Deptford, Chapman Marshall, Esq. of Seething, to Miss Stansfield, eldest daughter of Timothy S. Esq. of Field-House.

At Hackney, Richard Robert, esq of Manchester, to Miss Rutt, daughter of Mr. Thomas R.

Wm. Bowdler, esq. of Cheapside, to Miss Simpson, eldest daughter of the late John S. esq of Pontefract.

Died.] At his house at Highbury Place, Islington, Abrahant Newland, esq. late chief cashier of the Bank of England. This worthy and respectable character was the son of a banker in King Street, Southwark, where he was born in 1730. He was appointed a clerk in the bank in 1748; and distinguished himself by that order and regularity so necessary in money concerns; he rose through the various gradations of service till 1775, when he attained the respectable and confidential office of chief cashier of the first commercial company in Europe. His deportment was genteel, his manners affable, and his activity

and attention at all times a pattern for the junior clerks. For some time previous to his dissolution, his health was visibly on the decline, and finding that his health would not permit him to execute his business with his usual alacrity, he resigned his situation, a very few weeks before his death, and was succeeded by his first assistant Henry House, esq. After his resignation his health kept gradually declining, but without any apparent pain, even in his last moments. For his long and faithful services he had been offered a pension by the directors of the bank, which he, however, declined. They then voted him a handsome piece of plate, as an honourable mark of their esteem and respect, which was not finished at the time of his death. Mr. Newland was never married; his relations are very distant, and the property he has left is said to amount to 7000*l.* per annum. As a private character he stood very high, and in his social hours was an excellent companion, enjoying the pleasures of the table in moderation, with peculiar good humour. His remains were interred in St Savior's Church-yard, in the parish in which he was born.

Mr. John Hindley, formerly of Liverpool. Among other legacies, he has left 400 guineas to the charities in Liverpool, and the school of industry in London.

At Hoddesdon, Mrs. Boreham, mother of Mrs. Warner, who was murdered there about two months since. Her death is ascribed to the wounds she received at the time.

Mr. John Hamilton Moore, formerly a chart-seller at Tower Hill.

In Parliament Place, Old Palace Yard, Henry Churchill, son of W. H. White, esq. aged 6 years.

In the Paragon, Kent Road, Thos. Hhyman, esq.

At Tottehham, Rowland Stevenson, formerly one of the representatives in parliament for Carlisle.

In Wimpole Street, aged 64, John Pakenham, esq. vice-admiral of the red. The dates of his promotions are as follow:—captain, 1780; rear-admiral 1799; vice-admiral, 1804.

At Hillingdon Heath, the honourable Peter de Salis, count of the Holy Roman Empire, aged 69.

Captain Anderson, of the military service. He had recently returned from South America, and was walking along Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, on his way to his lodgings in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, when he fell down in an apoplectic fit, and soon afterwards expired.

Lieutenant Smither, also of the army. His death was exactly similar to that of the preceding gentleman. He was going from his lodgings to the Gloucester Coffee House, Piccadilly, to take a journey to the west of England, by the mail, to see his wife and family, near Salisbury, when he suddenly dropped down in Oxford Street, and expired.

At Priorsgate, between Stanmore and Beaconsfield, Miss Blewett, daughter of a wealthy merchant, at present abroad. She was found dead in the morning on the floor of her chamber, and is supposed to have expired in a fit. Miss B was on the point of marriage with a young gentleman of fortune, who had spent the preceding evening with the family.

At her lodgings in Covent Garden, Mrs. Macklin, widow of Mr. Charles Macklin, comedian.

At Pentonville, Edward Lewis, esq.

In York Place, Portman Square, the lady of Thomas Chandless, esq.

In Holles Street, Cavendish Square, Levi Ball, esq. late of Bengal, and brother to sir Alexander B., governor of Malta.

In Grosvenor Place, sir John Thomas Stanley, bart. of Alderley Park, Cheshire.

At Enfield, aged 74, the wife of Thomas Vaughan, esq. daughter of the late rev. Thomas, rector of Carham, Northumberland, and the last of the female Ogles, of Cawsey-park, Northumberland

In Queen's Square, Mrs. Boydell, relict of James B., esq. of Hackney Grove.

In Millman Street, Bedford Row, Mrs Brooks, relict of James Stuart Brooks, esq.

In Spring Gardens, in his 65th year, Henry Vaughan Brooke, esq. thirty-six years representative in parliament for the county of Donegal, in Ireland. He was a most benevolent and amiable man. His last act of generosity was exerted towards a gentleman in the army, for whom he was in treaty for a company. His property, amounting to 5000*l.* a-year, devolves to his kinsmrn, Henry Brooke, esq.; who is likely to succeed him as representative in parliament for the county of Donegal.

Died.] Suddenly, at his house at Hammersmith, Mr. Isaac Bell. The deceased had settled his wordly affairs previous to his death; he having communicated to his daughter on Saturday morning his full conviction, that he should not live to transact some necessary business on Monday morning. The deceased was a relation of Mr Bell, the once-supposed prophet in the Edgware Road, who died a few months since, and was originally a shoemaker in Oxford Street. He was taken violently ill with a bowel complaint on Saturday night whilst in bed, which carried him off in about three hours.

Henry Baker, esq. aged 72 years, one of the sworn clerks of the Court of Chancery for fifty years past, in a very extensive practice in that court: he had but just retired from business. Having died without issue, he has devised his estates, which are of the yearly value of 1200*l.* to a select number of his relatives and friends.

Mr. Robinson, attorney, of Warwick Court, Holborn. He and one of his sons, were proceeding to his apartments in the Edgware Road, they took a hackney coach at the stand, near St. Giles's church; soon after which the old gentleman laid his head back, and was supposed by his son to have fallen asleep, but to his great surprise, and the shock of the family, he was found to have expired without a single groan.

Mr. James Richman Davis. The deceased, an artist, of considerable property, resided near the turnpike at Paddington, and had been to a house near Watford, in a single horse chaise, accompanied by his niece, a girl 16 years old. On their return home in the afternoon, it being dusk, and the ditches being filled with snow on a level with the road, Mr. D. mistook the horse-track on the off-side, and drove into a ditch five feet deep. The young lady was precipitated into the hedge unhurt; but the chaise was overturned so suddenly, that the driver was thrown into the ditch, with the vehicle upon him, by which he was killed.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Aspley, Mr. Wm. Wright, many years master of the well-known school there, which he conducted with unsullied integrity, with considerable ability, with intense application, with the utmost liberality, and with such distinguished success, as to have raised that which he found a private, almost into the rank and consideration of a public school. Mr. Wright has left a widow and seven children, and has died sincerely lamented, not only by his family, but also by those whom he used always to consider as his friends, his scholars.

Married.] At Reading, James Webber Smith, a captain in the royal artillery, to the eldest daughter of J. Simeon, esq. M. P. for Reading.

At White Waltham, Mr. Stephen Clargo, of Nine Elms Farm, Bucklebury, to Miss Eales, daughter of Robert Eales, esq. of Little Warwick Green, near Maidenhead.

At Newbury, W. Lee, esq. of Early Common, to Miss Pavey, of Marlborough.

Died.] At Newbury, Miss Sarah Lloyd, second daughter of Samuel A. Lloyd, esq.—The infant son and heir of G. Barnard, esq.

At Mortimer, John Tysoe, esq. aged 82.

At Wakingham, Mrs. Highmore, wife of Wm. Highmore, esq. and daughter of the late H. Proctor, esq. of Clewer.

At Windsor, Mr. Cope, one of his majesty's master cooks.—In the Theatre, Mr. Locky, one of the quarter-masters of the royal horse guards, (blue). He went with a party in perfect health into the boxes; near the conclusion of the farce, he was suddenly seized with a fit, continued in a convulsed state about an hour, and then expired. He possessed considerable abilities, was much beloved by the officers of the whole regiment; and was on the point of marriage with a very amiable young lady of Windsor, of considerable fortune. In consequence of this awful event the manager closed the theatre for two nights.

At Peppard, the rev. Robert Jones, rector of that place, aged 66.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Died.] At Cambridge, Mr. David Fordham, a person generally known, but only partially esteemed; though his merits as a horse-dealer were such as to give him the reputation of a good judge of that animal, still his failings as a man were too prominent to escape the just censure of many, and provoked individuals. In his person he was slovenly in the extreme; and his manners were boorish

and truly forbidding; still, princes of the blood and peers of the realm have courted his acquaintance, and sought his approbation!

At Little Abington, aged 55, the rev. Andrew Pern, many years an acting magistrate in this county. By his death the rectories of Abington, in the Clay near Royston, and of Isham Inferior, in the county of Northampton, are vacant.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Wybemburg, Colonel Coghlan, to Miss Broughton, daughter of the rev. sir Thomas Broughton of Doddington Hall.

At Stockport, the rev. George Hornsby, vicar of Turkdean, Gloucestershire, to Cordelia Emma Astley, daughter of the late John Astley, esq. of Dukinfield Lodge.

Died.] At Chester, Mrs. Jones, of the Nine Horses. She was found dead in her bed. It is a singular circumstance that her husband likewise expired suddenly in January last, while eating his supper, at the Coach and Horses Inn.

At Stockport, Mr. J. Northall, bookseller. He had been at chapel in the forenoon, it being Sunday, went home, eat a hearty dinner, and seemed quite cheerful; but about an hour afterwards was seized with a numbness in one of his feet, which immediately proceeded up one side, and took away the use of it. In a few minutes he was deprived of the use of the other also, together with his senses. He remained in this deplorable state totally insensible and unable to speak, till about five o'clock, when he expired in the arms of Mr. Dawson, his partner in trade. Mr. Northall was a truly upright man, endued with great benevolence, and universally respected.

CORNWAL.

Married.] At Falmouth, Mr. John Bawden, master of the Lord Hobart packet, to Miss Cooper, daughter of Mr. Cooper of the Royal Oak.

CUMBERLAND.

On a monument lately erected in Horsley Down Church, in this county, is the following epitaph;

Here lies the bodies of
THOMAS BOND and MARY his Wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;
BUT
She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;
BUT
Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown;
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;
BUT
Imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
BUT
At home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend:
BUT
The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family;
BUT
Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities;
BUT
Much more frequently miserable—with her many failings;
Insomuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented
That, maugre all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
AT LENGTH,
Finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,
As well as the regard of her neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.
Wm. Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
As a *Weekly Monitor* to the surviving wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed to posterity
With a *patch-work* character.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND.

A miller in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven took an Irish servant, whom he had only hired the day before, to give him directions about clearing the water-wheel, of the snow which had fallen the preceding night, and prevented the water coming to it. The man, after viewing it very seriously for a moment, said—"Arrah, master, now, if I might be allowed to advise; this would be a very bad *winter job*; it would be a much *better summer job*.

Married.] Major Williams, of the Bombay establishment, to Martha, third daughter of the late Charles Deane, esq. of Keekle Grove.

At Middleton Chapel, John Moore, esq. of Grimes-hill, to Miss Galthorne, daughter of the late Richard Galthorne, esq. of Kirkly, Lonsdale.

Died.] At Harrington, Mrs. White, widow. She was blind, and during the short absence of her attendant, her clothes caught fire; which accident occasioned her death in a few hours.

DEVONSHIRE.

The immense number of woodcocks which have made their appearance in this county, augur a hard winter. They are called *tailors* by the inhabitants of that part of the country, in consequence of the *great length of their bills*.

Married.] At Thoverton, William Comyns, esq. of Temlett, to Miss Tucker, eldest daughter of the late rev. P. Tucker, of Morchard-bishop.

At Widdecombe Rawleigh, William Neyle, esq. of St. Leonard's, near Exeter, to Miss Boswell, only daughter of George Boswell, esq. of Piddleton, in the county of Dorset.

At Exeter, Edward Horlock Mortimer, esq. of Belleirie Lodge, near Trowbridge, Wilts, to Miss Lardner, daughter of Richard Lardner, esq. of Harpford.

Died.] At Plympton, of a typhous fever, Mr. Hurrel, surgeon of that place, aged 27. He was a gentleman of the most eminent abilities in his professional pursuits, and, had he lived, would have given proofs, that he was worthy of being a pupil of the great Cline and Cooper. In private life, he was a sincere and hearty friend, a dutiful and affectionate son, and was shortly to have been married to an amiable young lady, who, with his afflicted parents, deeply deplore his being so suddenly and early snatched from this sublunary world.

At Biddeford, Mrs. B. Parminter, aged 100.

At Exmouth, Mrs. Stevens, wife of George Stevens, esq. captain in the East India Company's service.

At Plymouth, Captain Danvers, of the marines, eldest son of the late Daniel Danvers, esq. of Bath.

At Barnstaple, Mrs. Webber, wife of Philip Rogers Webber, esq. daughter of John Incledon, Esq. and grand daughter of the late Sir Henry Northcote, bart.

At Upcot, near Hatherleigly, William Michael Coham, esq. son of the late rev. Arthur Coham, archdeacon of Wilts.

At Totness, at the age of 82, Mr. Richard Browne, who, for upward of forty years, was the clerk of that parish, whose social virtues and exemplary conduct, caused him to be universally respected whilst living, and whose death will long be a source of regret to all who could appreciate the sterling merits of a worthy, and an honest man.

DORSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Lyme Regis, the rev. George Ewbank, of Trinity College Cambridge, and son of the rev. Andrew Ewbank, of Londesbrough, Yorkshire.

At Broad Windsor, the rev. Mr. Muttowe, rector of that place. The living, said to be worth 600*l.* per annum, is in the gift of the Bishop of Salisbury.

At Sherborne, Mrs. Adams, relict of William Adams, esq. of Pointington, Somerset, aged 93.

At Weymouth, the well known old Tom Green, his majesty's late favorite bathing guide at that place.

Mr. James Lewis, an eminent hosier, of Tewkesbury. He lost his life in a snow storm, being found frozen to death, on the Severn-Ham, in the vicinity of that town. He had walked to Bushley in the morning, to visit a friend, and, on his return home about five o'clock in the evening, it is supposed that he was overcome by the inclemency of the weather, and the obscurity of the path, and perished within a very short distance of his own dwelling. It appears that he left his friend's house about half-past three; was ferried over the Severn, at the Upper Lode, a quarter before five; and from thence proceeded direct for

the mill, by the path across the Ham, where the water, from the river being high, had run into the ditches and hollow places, and, during the preceding night, was slightly frozen over; the snow had likewise drifted very much in the course of the day, and the ground presented to the eye nearly an even surface, the snow concealing the ice and water underneath. Not adverting to these circumstances, it is conjectured, that, in attempting to pass one of those places, the ice gave way, and he became deeply immersed in snow and water. Notwithstanding his exertions to extricate himself from so perilous a situation had evidently been great, he must have been benumbed, and expired from the inclemency of the weather. His body was discovered at day-light next morning, frozen so hard, that all his garments were obliged to be cut off; and his watch, which was in his pocket, had stopped at five minutes past five o'clock.

At Tetbury, George White, esq. solicitor, and many years town-clerk of that place.

At Cooper's Hill, Charles Deighton, esq.

At Cirencester, Mr. James Milles, eldest son of Mr. Milles, who glazed the two windows of painted glass so much admired in the church of that place.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Warnford, J. E. Cook, esq. of Cheshunt, Herts, to Miss Burne, daughter of T. Burne, esq, of Bedford Square, London.

At Hambledon, Baron A. M. Brithelli, to Miss Bone, daughter of J. Bone, esq.

Died.] At Portsmouth, George Poor, esq. one of the magistrates for the county.—Mrs. Williams, wife of Captain John Williams, of the Marines.—At Haslar Hospital, Lieutenant Gregory, of his majesty's ship Maida.

At Southampton, John Brisbane, esq. admiral of the red. The dates of his promotion were as follows: captain 1761; rear-admiral 1790; vice-admiral 1794; admiral 1799.—Aged 68, Mr. Thomas Collins, proprietor and manager of the theatres at Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, and Chichester, most of which he had conducted more than 38 years with the greatest credit. In him the theatrical world have lost a friend; to his performers he was kind and humane; many of them he even supported under protracted illness; and in all his dealings he was scrupulously honest. He has left a widow and two children, Mr. S. Collins and Mrs. Keily, wife of the present acting manager, mother of the young lady, whose vocal talents have frequently been the subject of public panegyric.

At Winchester, the rev. Mr. Bowyer.

At Newport, Isle of Wight, Mrs. Wilkins, wife of R. B. Wilkins, esq. and daughter of James Sancroft, sen. of Yarmouth.

Major Barclay, (whose death) at Southampton, is mentioned in our last number, had been captain and paymaster of the late 76th, or M'Donald's regiment of Highlanders, and, being made prisoner at the surrender of York-Town, in Virginia, in October, 1781, he was one of the thirteen British captains who remained prisoners with the men, and who, in May, 1782, had (in violation of the capitulation) lots cast for one of them to suffer death, in retaliation for an American captain who was executed by some of the loyalists, when the lot fell on Captain Sir Charles Esgill, of the guards, and involved him in the unfortunate situation he so long laboured under, with so much honour and credit to himself. Captain Barclay had, some time before this period, the permission of General Washington to go on parole to New York, on the business of his regiment, and for the general benefit of the prisoners; but, feeling himself bound in honour to take his chance with the rest of his brother captains, refused to avail himself of his previously-obtained leave, though strongly pressed so to do by them, and particularly by the American Brigadier-General Hazew, who had then the charge of the prisoners, but remained, and stood the risk of lot accordingly.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Leonister, Mr. Samuel Griffon, who was formerly a partner in the house of Peele and Co. warehousemen, Queen Street, Cheapside, London, but who had for some years retired to enjoy the ample fortune which he had acquired.

At Hereford, Mr. S. Rogers. He had retired to bed at night in perfect health, but next morning was discovered by his wife expiring by her side.

KENT.

Married.] At Deptford, Chapman Marshall, esq. of Seething-lane, London, to Miss Stansfield, daughter of Timothy Stansfield, esq, of Field House, near New Cross.

At Chislet, John Wise, jun. esq. of Maidstone, to Miss Denne, only daughter of John Denne esq. of Chislet Court.

At Lyminge, B. Andrews, esq. of Stowting, to Miss Price, eldest daughter of the reverend Mr. Price, rector of Lyminge.

At Eltham, Frederic Beade, esq. of Camberwell, to Miss Lewin, daughter of Richard Lewin, esq.

Died.] At Lewisham, Miss H. Barrit, eldest daughter of G. B. Barrit, esq. late of Jamaica.

At West Wickham, the reverend Joseph Faulden, aged 49.

At Canterbury, Lieut. Col. Cumming, of the marines.—Mrs. Clendon, relict of the rev. Thomas Clendon, late vicar of Sturry, 87.

At Eltham, Mrs Pott, relict of John Pott, esq. in her 80th year.

At Chatham, Mr. George, late midshipman on board the Prince of Wales, and son of the hon. baron George, lord chief justice of Ireland.

At Wingham, the rev. Dr. Hey, prebendary of Rochester, and rector of Wingham and Eastchurch.

LANCASHIRE.

A poor weaver having lately applied to a manufacturing house in this county for employ—"we are putting out no more work," was the answer, "you should have plenty of employ if you could bring us a *peace*."—"Bless your honour," replied the poor fellow, with honest simplicity, "I have not been able to bring in a *piece* the Lord knows when!"

Married.] At Penwortham, Thomas Marten, esq. of Ormskirk, to Miss Norris of Longton, near Preston.

At New Church, in Rossendale, George Ormerod, esq. of Green's Nook, to Miss Hargreaves, eldest daughter of Henry Hargreaves. esq.

At Bolton-le-Moors, Joseph Yates, esq. of Peel Hall, son of the late Sir Joseph Yates, to Miss Ainsworth, daughter of Thomas Ainsworth, esq. of Bridge House, Bolton.

Died.] At Scorton, near Garstang, Mr. William Dickenson, mariner, aged 100 years.

At Gorton, George Grimshaw, esq. aged 71.

At Lancaster, in his 100th year, Mr. John Berry.—Mrs. Booth, wife of James Booth, esq. collector of the customs.—Mrs. Saul, relict of Thomas Saul, esq. aged 62.

At Darley, near Bolton-le-Moors, Mrs. Rawson, wife of Benjamin Rawson, esq.

At Liverpool, aged 82, Mr. John Johnson, surgeon. Though skilful in his profession, and exemplary in his life, he was, by a series of misfortunes, reduced in his old age to indigence. Yet out of an annuity of 24 guineas allowed him by a benevolent friend, he not only maintained himself decently, but was enabled to exercise that liberality and charity for which his disposition was remarkable, and finally to bequeath a handsome sum to his posterity.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The following impromptu was made on hearing that VIRTUE *(the Ventriloquist) had met with but little encouragement in Leicester.*

VIRTUE discourag'd! where's the wonder?
'The coming here was sure a blunder!
Where *Vice** and *Carnal** tradesmen meet,
And flourish in the self-same street;
No wonder *Virtue*'s in disgrace,
And forc'd to seek another place.

* *The names of two tradesmen in Cank-street, Leicester.*

Died.] At his seat at Stapleford, the right honourable Philip Sherard, earl and baron of Harborough, and baron of Leitrim, in Ireland. His lordship was in his 41st year, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, Philip, who is about twelve years of age. The deceased nobleman married Miss Monckton, daughter of the honourable colonel Monckton, by whom he has left the above-mentioned son, and several daughters.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] At Oswarby, Capt. Atty, of the North Lincoln militia, eldest son of James Atty, esq. of Whitby, Yorkshire, to Miss Harriet Whichcote, second daughter of sir Thomas Whichcote, bart.

Died.] At his house at Greatford, the rev. Francis Willis, M.D. justly celebrated for his success in curing that greatest affliction of the human race, insanity. A few months since he

had a paralytic stroke, which had considerably impaired his memory and weakened his frame: but he was so far from betraying symptoms of the near-approach of dissolution, that late on the day preceding his death, though a dark and cold evening, and in the 90th year of his age, he was vigorous enough to walk twice from his own house to the village of Barholm, a distance of nearly a mile, to see a patient. He retired to rest in good spirits; and on the following morning shaved himself, as he had been accustomed to do, and continued without any apparent change of health till after dinner, when he complained of being very ill, and five minutes afterwards expired in his chair. He has left five sons by his first wife, who was sister to the rev. Peregrine Curtis, of Brinstone, near Lincoln. After her death, the doctor married Mrs. Storer, who survives him, and by whom he has left no issue.

At Lincoln, Mrs. Hannah Huddleston, aged 68. This poor woman was mother to John Sykes, a deserved favourite of the great Nelson, whose life he more than once was instrumental in saving.

At Toynton, All Saints, Miss Frances Toynton. A few days before her decease, she enjoyed the unclouded prospect of life and happiness; and the day on which she died had been fixed upon for her wedding day.

NORFOLK.

The following is a literal transcript, with the exception of the names, of a notice published some time since in this county.

"Whereas I, John, D—ke of Causton, who formerly lived with Mr. Thomas R—ve of Weston, where I lernd the HOLE hart of fisic hand Zurgry two; i cures the itch at once; nineteen—I intends being at Weston, Monday morning 10 o'clock, at Corsey-at the same time, & Cringleford all under one."

When the Count de Lille was landed at Yarmouth from the Freya, Swedish frigate, he was rowed on shore by British sailors; and the Count, grateful for the particular attention shewn him, left behind a purse of fifteen guineas, for the tars to drink his health. On the matter being explained to them, not one of them would touch a farthing, but immediately transmitted a letter to Admiral Russell, expressive of their sentiments on the occasion, which is truly characteristic of British seamen. The following is a literal copy, and has been read by the Count with peculiar delight:—

Majestic, 6 Day Nov. 1807.

"*Please your Honour*—We holded a Talk about that there 15*l.* that was sent us, and hope no offence your honour. We dont like to take it, because as how we knows fast enuff that it was the true king of France that went with your honour in the boat, and that he and our own noble King, God bless em both, and give every one his right, is good friends now, and besides that your honour gived an Order long ago, not to take no money from nobody, and we never did take none, and Mr. Leneve, that steered your honour and that there King, says he wont have no hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, the proper Coxen, and we hopes no offence, so we all one and all, begs not to take it at all. So no more at present from your honour dutiful servants,

And. Young, *Coxen*,	Thos. Simmers,
James Mann,	Tho. Thesane,
Lewis Bryan,	Simon Duft,
James Lord,	W. Faircloth,
James Hood,	John Churchill,
W. Edwards	Tho. Lawrence,
Jas. Holshan,	Jacob Gabriel,
Tho. Laurie,	Wm. Muzzey."

Died.] At Norwich, aged 77, Mr. John Clarke Snell, formerly of Bury St. Edmunds, but for the last 25 years a resident in the above city. He was remarkable for his eccentricities and his extensive knowledge of mankind. For the last twenty years he devoted his time to the almost exploded science of astrology, which rendered him a well-known character.—Mr. William E. Robberds, second son of J. W. Robberds, alderman, and one of the sheriffs of this city, aged 21.

In his 73d year, the rev. Thomas Brown, upwards of forty years rector of Pulham St. Mary the Virgin, and Pulham St. Mary Magdalen, both which valuable livings are in the gift of the crown.

At Attleburgh, Arthur Brittle, esq. many years a captain in the marines, aged 71.

At Strettisham, Mrs. Styleman, wife of Henry Styleman, esq.

At Lynn, John Cary, esq. an alderman of that corporation, aged 72.—Alexander Bowler, esq. also an alderman and magistrate for the borough, in his 56th year.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

Married.] At South Shields, Robert Shields, Esq. of Tynemouth, to Miss Elizabeth Hart, daughter of William Hart, ship-owner.

At Tynemouth, lieutenant Richard Wilson, of the navy, to Miss Carr of North Shields.

At Norton, near Stockton, Thomas Martin, esq., late captain in the military service of the East India Company, in Bengal, to Miss Wardell, daughter of the late Mr. William Wardell, of Sedgefield, Durham.

Died.] At Morton-House, Durham, Miss Jane Leaviss, daughter of William Leaviss, esq.

At Berwick, Mr. Sam. Lough, aged 58. His death was occasioned by the following circumstances. He was going on board one of the smacks lying at the quay, after dark, to meet his wife and family, who were on board, on a visit to the captain, his son-in-law, when his foot slipped, and pitching with his head on the gunwale of the vessel, he fell into the river. The alarm being instantly given, he was extricated in a few minutes; medical assistance was immediately procured, and all possible means were employed to restore life, but in vain.

At Collercoats, near North Shields, aged 115, John Ramsay, mariner, who served as cabin-boy on board one of the ships in Sir George Rooke's squadron, at the taking of Gibraltar in 1704. He retained his faculties in perfection till within a few days of his his death. His venerable age did not throw the least damp on his lively spirits, or shade over his blithesome countenance; so that his society was eagerly courted by the young and gay in the neighbourhood, whom he never failed to gratify with a merry song or good old story.

At Tynemouth, Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. Nicholas Smith. One of her children, aged five weeks, and another three years old, died the first a fortnight, and the second two days before her.

At Sunderland, Mrs. Dunn, wife of captain Dunn. Finding herself indisposed, she lay down on the bed, and was found in a few hours a corpse.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Nottingham, captain Fisher, of the Bombay artillery, to Miss Guy.

At Gretna Green, W. H. Hall, esq. of Nottingham, to Miss Dickenson, daughter of William Dickenson, esq. Musleham Grange.

John Grammer, esq. of Newthorpe Hall, to Miss Read, only daughter of Joseph Read, esq. Nathall.

At Gonalston, the rev. L. Oldacres, of Woodborough, to Miss Lealand, only daughter of Mr. W. Lealand.

Died.] At Carlton Hall, the only daughter of Robert Ramsden, esq. aged 20.

At Nottingham, aged 80, Mr. G. Burbage, upwards of thirty years proprietor and printer of the Nottingham Journal, and a member of the senior council of the corporation of Nottingham. He had been in business as a printer, and bookseller, nearly sixty years, during which period, it is but justice to say, that, by his intense application, and urbanity of manners, he obtained the respect of all ranks.

At Wigthorpe, J. Worsley, esq. of Worksop.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Clifton, Edward Sampson, esq. of Henbury, Glocestershire, to Miss Joanna Daubeng, youngest daughter of the late George Daubeng, esq. of Redland.

At Bristol, lieut. col. Henry Balfour, to Miss Gardiner, only daughter of Mr. G. of Ashley place.

At Bath, captain Phillips, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Albrecht.

At West Monckton, Charles March Phillips, esq. of Garendon Park, Leicestershire, to Miss. H. Ducarel, youngest daughter of Mrs Ducarel of Walford House.

Died,] At Clifton, aged 46, the hon. Wm. Monson, of the 76th Hindostan regiment.

At Bath, John Bourmaster, esq. admiral of the blue, which high rank he attained by professional merit, joined to the strictest honour and integrity in the service of his country, as well as in private life. He was promoted to be a captain in 1777, rear-admiral 1794; vice-admiral 1799, admiral 1804.—Mrs. Minshull, wife of John Minshull, esq. of Swansea, and aunt to earl Craven.—Wm. Symth John, esq. late of Dublin, and grandson of the late rev. Thomas Smyth, bishop of Limerick.—Mrs. Chapman, widow of col. Char. Chapman, aged 83.—Miss Henrietta, Louisa Pastorini, elder sister of the rev. R. Warner.—

Eliza, fourth daughter of the late Dr. Percival, of Manchester.

At Bristol, Henry Bright, esq. mayor of the city.

SHROPSHIRE.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, Henry Bevan, esq. aged 61. In the relative situations of husband, father, and friend, he was affectionate, indulgent, sincere; in every transaction through life he was strictly honourable, and while magistrate of the town of Shrewsbury he was zealous and active in the duties of his office. A sound, or rather a superior understanding, aided by reading, and a retentive memory, rendered him a useful and agreeable member of society, which, when in health, he promoted and enjoyed. He met his last enemy with the same courage and resolution he manifested as a soldier, when fighting in a distant clime, the battles of his country. He served many years in the East Indies, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Buxar, an action of no small importance and celebrity, as on it depended the British ascendancy in India. Mr. Bevan was at that time a young lieutenant, and second in command of a battallion of native troops stationed on the right of the line: and perceiving that his senior officer hesitated to attack a battery placed on an eminence on the enemy's left, he spiritedly called upon him to do his duty, or give place to those that united. The officer retired into the rear, and lieutenant Bevan proceeded to storm the battery, which he carried with great gallantry, and drove the enemy through a village in the rear of it. As re-action was unprecedented, and not to be expected from the troops of any of the native powers, lieutenant Bevan could not prevent his sepoys from dispersing in search of plunder, which being observed by the commanding officer of the enemy's left, who was well aware of the consequence of recovering the post, he directed a body of choice cavalry to fall on our troops in the village, and if possible to regain the battery. This order they executed with great celerity and success, as lieutenant Bevan could not draw off his men and form in time to prevent them, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours. In his retreat through the village he had a narrow escape for his life, being pursued down a street, with high walls on each side of it, and so narrow (as is common in India) that a horse could not turn in it. Providentially just as the trooper was on the point of trampling him under his horse's feet, a small breach in the wall presented itself. Through this he leaped while his enemy was forced to pass on, and being met at the end of the lane by some of lieutenant Bevan's sepoys, was killed. The latter soon joined his men, and stung with his disappointment, as soon as he could rally the strugglers, he led them again to the attack of the battery, which he retook and turned its guns upon the enemy. This had no inconsiderable effect in deciding the fortune of the day: and his conduct in consequence obtained the applause which it so justly merited in the orders which sir Hector Monro, the commander in chief, issued on the field of battle. He was soon after also rewarded by government with the appointment of major of brigade. During fourteen subsequent years that he contiued in India he was actively employed, and discharged all his duties in such a manner as to merit the confidence and approbation of the government, and of his superior officers; and, at length, quitted the service with the esteem and regret of all who knew him.

ERRATA in No. 3.

Page 253, line 29, for "*base*," read "*vast*."

Page 296, line 15, for "Mr. *E—H*," read "Mr. *E—N*."

ERRATUM in No. 4.

Page 399, line 23, for "*one sixth*," read "*one ninth*."

Spleen, vide

Immur'd in Gout, on every side are seen
Attempts chemical to cure disease by spleen.
Here sighs a jar, there dangles an arm held out.
Here lies a head, & there the foot that the gout.

A Pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks:

Here sighs a jar,

Published for the Satirist Feby 1st 18

vide Pope.

And there a goose pie talks; *Men prove with child, as powrtful fancy works,*
And maids, timid bottles, call aloud for cork

Pub. by S. Tipper, Leadenhall Street.